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The Chicago Theological Seminary

REGISTER

Announcing Our New President. Also articles by *Ozora S. Davis, Albert W. Palmer, Irving Maurer, A. C. McGiffert, Jr., Ralph R. Shrader, Fred Eastman*

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FRED EASTMAN, *Editor*

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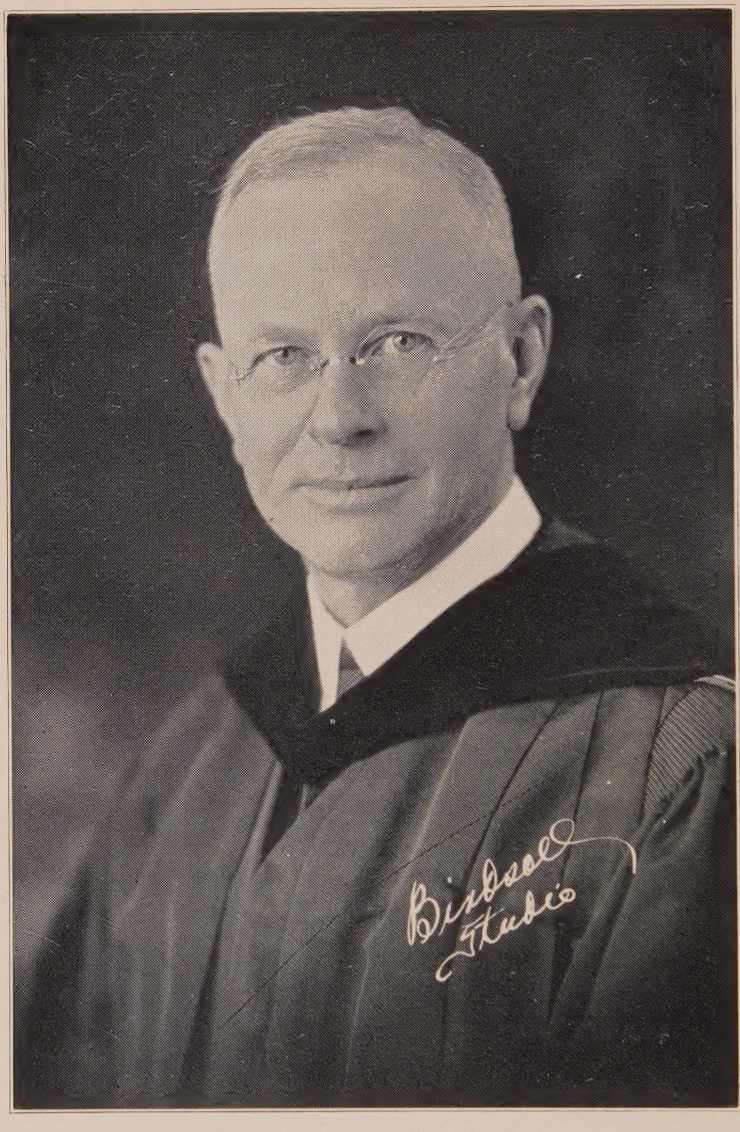

REV. ALBERT W. PALMER, D.D.
President-elect of The Chicago Theological Seminary

The Chicago Theological Seminary

REGISTER

Volume XIX NOVEMBER 1929 *Number 4*

Our New President—An Announcement

By JOHN R. MONTGOMERY, *Chairman of the Board of Directors*

In June of this year Dr. Ozora S. Davis resigned the presidency of the Seminary because of ill health. The Directors had no choice but to accept his resignation. They then turned to the task of finding a new president. The following statement announces the happy result.

THE Directors announce with deep satisfaction the election of Albert Wentworth Palmer as President of the Chicago Theological Seminary. Dr. Palmer will begin his administration January 1, 1930.

It is the purpose of the Seminary to keep in vital union with the churches of its constituency, and it seems peculiarly appropriate that a man of Dr. Palmer's rich experience in pastoral work and wide acquaintance among the churches should be chosen for this office.

Dr. Palmer is a graduate of the University of California, 1901, and of Yale Divinity School, 1904. He began his ministry at Redlands, California. He was pastor of Plymouth Church, Oakland, 1907–17, and of Central Union Church in Honolulu from 1917 to 1924. In the latter year he accepted a call to the First Congregational Church of Oak Park, Illinois, from which he comes to the Seminary. From 1911 to 1917 he was an instructor in Pacific Theological Seminary, dealing with the subject of pastoral and social problems. He has long been recognized as an author and preacher of distinction. Pacific Seminary conferred upon him the degree of Doctor of Divinity. During the World War he served with the Young Men's Christian Association in California and in Siberia.

The most important function of a theological seminary is to fit men for the largest influence in preaching and caring for pastorates. For leadership in this work Dr. Palmer is peculiarly well fitted by his broad outlook and his practical experience with the problems of the active minister, as well as by his scholarship and his administrative ability. He has been especially interested in young men and women and exceptionally fortunate in his contacts with them.

In view of the intimate relations between the Chicago Theological Seminary and the Divinity School of the University of Chicago, which are working together along parallel lines, each striving to supplement the work of the other, it is gratifying that the choice of Dr. Palmer as President of the Seminary has been heartily welcomed by the Divinity School Faculty.

During the interim between the close of President Davis' administration and

the time when Dr. Palmer assumes the duties of office, Dr. James H. Tufts, of the University of Chicago, who has been long a member of the Seminary's Board of Directors and chairman of its Executive Committee, is generously serving as Acting President of the Seminary.

It is the hope of the Directors that Dr. Palmer's administration will be comparable, both in its duration and in its splendid measure of success, with that of his distinguished and beloved predecessor, Dr. Ozora S. Davis, who is now the President Emeritus.

Dr. Palmer's Statement

AT THE morning service of the First Congregational Church in Oak Park on Sunday, September 15, Dr. Palmer said:

"For over a week rumors have been current in Oak Park to the effect that your pastor might be called to the presidency of the Chicago Theological Seminary. I am glad this morning to be able to set these rumors at rest. Such a call has come to me this week, and it is my purpose to present my resignation in due form at the annual business meeting of the church on September 25 in order that I may be free to accept this larger responsibility. I shall request, however, that my resignation may not take effect until January 1, 1930, in order that I may see the church through the fall and well launched in its winter's work. I received this church in splendid order from Dr. Barton, and I wish to turn it over in equally good condition to my successor, whoever he may be.

"It is not easy for me to decide to make so revolutionary a change in my life-work. I am very happy in the work of a parish minister and especially happy in all my relationships in this parish. Indeed I want to make it very clear that I am not making this change because of any lack on your part. You have done everything any pastor could possibly expect or desire and no further action of yours was needed or could have influenced me to remain in the pastorate.

"I am making the change simply because I feel the presidency of the Seminary presents the larger, harder, more challenging task and I am still young and adventurous enough to undertake it. The key to the future of the church lies, as I see it, largely with the college students of the country, and this new position will bring me in close touch with student groups. Beyond this, the most far-reaching ministry a man could render would seem to be to have a part in raising up a generation of adequately trained ministers for the church of tomorrow—men of spiritual insight, intelligence, and preaching power.

"Moreover, Chicago Seminary stands just now at the beginning of a new era. Its buildings are erected. Its financial backing is assured. Whoever comes to its presidency has a rare opportunity to devote himself to intellectual and spiritual problems exclusively. It can be made a great center of spiritual power for the religious life of America and especially of the Middle West.

"Since we of this church have had such very close fellowship with Dr. Ozora Davis and love him so dearly, I am sure

you will also recognize how great an honor it is to have been asked to become his successor in office.

"In view of all these facts, I hope that you will be willing, when the time comes, to release me to the larger ministry which the Seminary involves and count me as your own representative and special contribution to the great fundamental task of our common Christianity."

A Retrospect of Twenty Years

By OZORA S. DAVIS

THE HERITAGE OF A SPLENDID HISTORY

NO SURVEY of the last twenty years in the history of the Chicago Theological Seminary can be accurate unless it is set into the perspective of the developments which have taken place since the first classes met in the old building of the First Congregational Church, located at the corner of Washington and Green Streets, in October, 1858, seventy-one years ago. The origin of the Seminary was the result of the emergence of a sense of definite mission to the Middle West on the part of the leaders of the Congregational churches, resulting from the unsatisfactory results of the Plan of Union with the Presbyterians, which was in operation for fifty years after 1802. The standards of the new institution were to be those of such schools as Andover and Yale.

The first three names, associated in the new Faculty, were Franklin W. Fisk, Joseph Haven, and Samuel C. Bartlett. A body of laymen of equal personal force and devotion supported them on the governing boards, among whom were Philo Carpenter, Charles G. Hammond, and Eliphalet W. Blatchford. Resources were meager, the new school was forced to match the lure of the East in the minds of students, and the majority of the churches were of the frontier and pioneer type, in contrast with the well-established and benevolent churches of New England.

Nevertheless, the Seminary prospered, until, about 1894, it reached the peak in attendance and prestige. Undoubtedly the World's Fair contributed to bring about this result. More than two hundred students were registered about this time in the Seminary and its Institutes.

THE NOBLE EXPERIMENT WITH THE FOREIGN INSTITUTES

The first trinity of honored names on the Faculty was succeeded by another, Hugh M. Scott, Samuel Ives Curtiss, and Graham Taylor. Other names are always to be associated with these, for the Faculty was a fellowship of scholarly and devoted men.

Under their leadership, especially that of Professor Curtiss, the Seminary undertook to prepare ministers for the foreign-speaking churches; German, Danish, Norwegian, and Swedish Institutes were organized, and teachers were called to give instruction in these departments. Men like Risberg, Jernberg, Grauer, Paeth, Eversz, and Obenhaus worked with devotion to carry out the Seminary's plans. No mere tables of statistics ever can show the contributions thus made to the church life of these new neighbors in America. The effort was unselfish and noble; but it wrought a serious situation in the inner

life of the Seminary. This was not due to any failure of Christian fellowship or fundamental democracy. No finer spirit was possible than that which obtained in Fisk and Keyes Halls, when, on a single evening, twenty-two languages were spoken by the students in response to a call for expression of a simple sentiment in the mother-tongues or those acquired by the group. The roots of the matter ran into other soil. It was simply an academic problem. A graduate Seminary and the Institutes simply could not be permanently carried with the resources and in the buildings of the Seminary.

GRAHAM TAYLOR'S PIONEERING IN THE SOCIAL FIELD

Meantime Graham Taylor had been called to the first chair of Christian Sociology ever fully established by a seminary in the United States. With him came a new emphasis and passion which ran far beyond the curriculum. He inspired generations of students to experiment courageously with "Religion in Social Action." He organized Chicago Commons and the School of Civics and Philanthropy. These, through no fault of his, were not taken into the structure and care of the Seminary, as they should have been, and in time they claimed so large a part of his time as to cripple his primary service to the Seminary, from the full professorship in which he was finally released —another noble but costly sacrifice by the institution.

IN THE YEAR 1909

Dr. Joseph Henry George had given a brief and profitable term of service to the Seminary, following "Papa" Fisk, as he was universally and affectionately known. In April, 1909, I came to Chicago to undertake a service which was to extend to more than twenty years. I came from the pastorate, a native of New England, knowing little of the problems of Chicago and nothing of seminary administration, at the age of forty-two. The Seminary was occupying Keyes Hall (its first buildlng), Fisk Hall (one of the most "sumptuous" seminary buildings in the country when first erected), Hammond Library, and Carpenter Chapel. All these were badly in need of repair. The total student body was about one hundred; but of these not half were English-speaking, and only a very few possessed the Bachelor's degree. The little Seminary class of four graduating in 1909 was not heartening. About six hundred thousand dollars worth of income-yielding endowment was at hand. The annual balance to be raised from the churches and from individuals ran from twelve to fifteen thousand dollars. But Scott and Harper and Beckwith and Taylor and Ferris, with the other members of the Seminary and Institute staffs, were there to welcome the stranger; and David Fales, John R. Montgomery, Wyllys W. Baird, and the other successors of the splendid laymen composing the Board of Directors gave assurance of courage. Dr. D. K. Pearsons and Victor F. Lawson were behind the financial program of the institution.

Then, suddenly, came one tragedy after another. Hugh M. Scott, who, more than any other man except Graham Taylor, had been instrumental in bringing me to Chicago, was killed in a street-car accident. Never shall I forget that night at the Commons. Taylor was called to the telephone; he returned to the room, pale and broken, to tell us what had happened. The man on whom I was relying for everything in counsel and courage was gone. I put my face in my hands and sobbed. We knelt in prayer and then hurried to the Scott home. Then Professor Ferris, recently inaugurated in the New Testament chair, broke with tuberculosis. Then Professor Harper, teacher supreme,

was forced to resign. The one bright spot in a bleak landscape was the gift of a hundred thousand dollars by Dr. Pearsons and the knowledge that an accumulated debt was provided for. To the Faculty came Frank G. Ward from his pastorate in Lansing, Michigan; Henry H. Walker, from Boulder, Colorado; and Benjamin W. Robinson, from his study at home and abroad, armed with two Ph.D's. and a rare teaching gift.

THE LAST STAND ON THE WEST SIDE

The first year of the new administration demonstrated that something radical must be done if the Seminary were to recover itself. It seemed to be "indicated" that a change in location was the way out; but when the suggestion was first made to the Board of Directors it found cold welcome; Dr. T. O. Douglass, of Iowa, could not forget that the first night he ever spent in Chicago was passed in Keyes Hall, where, he admitted, the mosquitos nearly finished him; but his memory was made perfect through suffering, and, besides, he had read dreadful stories in the papers about the University of Chicago. His first response was similar to that of others; later, he voted to move.

So an experiment was entered into in mutual good faith with the New First Congregational Church, by which a staff ministry was provided for the church from the Faculty; Reverend Benjamin F. Aldrich came to both institutions to render a service which his rich and stimulating personality made possible. It was believed that this close working arrangement between church and school would present a strong attraction to students; but it did not. The entire academic need was not met by merely a laboratory opportunity in practical theology.

In spite of the growing certainty that radical action must be taken in order to save the situation, the life on the West Side during those busy years was beautiful. We were a small Faculty, working in an isolated position, which necessarily strengthened our bonds of fellowship in Seminary and church alike. The administrative machinery was almost invisible. Miss M. E. Colman, faithful in every hour of a life wholly given to the Seminary and making herself the personal friend of every student, spent her whole time and energy shuttling from her room in Keyes to her office in Fisk. For the larger part of the time we secured a stenographer at nine dollars a week, who did not know the difference between Philippians and Filipinos, but who learned and labored with us. That, with faithful Ander, manager of broom and duster, was the "whole push."

RELOCATION AT THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

Finally, after an extensive study of the whole situation, the Board of Directors unanimously voted to move the Seminary. The first plan contemplated sustaining the various Institutes (we were getting on swimmingly, for we had added Finns) in the old buildings, while a graduate institution was built up on the South Side; and this was carried out during the academic year 1914–15. The transfer of the household goods was a light matter; we had no place to put them. The University gave us an office, Room 13 in Haskell Oriental Museum. That furnished an excellent opportunity to those opposing the move to leap into the seats of the scornful and howl at us; a few of them did it. Meantime our students were located happily in the Divinity Halls of the University.

Then began the romantic story of the new Seminary in its new era. The tide was turning; but anyone who has sailed a boat on the New England coast knows how exasperatingly slow the turn may be. We found out. Nevertheless the boat began to move and the fish to bite.

Our physical property was our first objective. Sometime the whole story of how we secured three parcels of ground, by three different purchases, and later two more on the east side of Woodlawn Avenue, may be written; and it will be a record of experiences which prove again the union of divine guidance, human foresight, and hard work. We escaped from the grip of "No. 13" when we moved into the beautiful Colonial house, which the Seminary later gave to the University, and which is now preserved as the Graduate Clubhouse.

A PROGRAM OF EXPANSION

New buildings, a larger Faculty, and increased overhead were clamant needs calling us to courageous adventure. First, we started a fund to be divided between the Seminary, Union Theological College, and the Congregational Training School for Women. We dug away at this, learning by doing, and succeeding in spite of obstacles. Then we projected a Development Fund, which was doing well, when the Congregational World Movement came along and picked it up with all kinds of rosy assurances. We lent our labors to this well-intentioned scattering effort, assured by the noises around us that our train was tearing along at a great rate. Then we learned that "every tub must stand on its own bottom." After we had tried out union movements to the limit, we set forth to secure funds for the Seminary alone, disciplined but not daunted. One project had been carried on steadily: a fund to build a hall bearing the name of Graham Taylor, inaugurated and supported by the alumni, was gathering slowly. An alumnus, Reverend Frank D. Burhans, worked on this with success and in time the hall was completed. Nothing, except the building of Thorndike Hilton Chapel, gave me greater joy. I wanted to see a fitting memorial to Graham Taylor built while he was alive and could see this visible expression of the love and honor in which he is held by hundreds of students, no one of whom gives him a higher place than I. And it was done.

Then came the great gift of Victor F. Lawson, revealed when his will was published after his death in August, 1925. The story of Mr. Lawson's relations with the Seminary is a long one and probably never will be fully told. I had asked him for help and counsel at various times; he never had failed to show his interest in the Seminary; he never disclosed to me his intentions as expressed in his will, and the news of the bequest came to me with complete surprise.

THE GREAT PROGRAM AND THE CLIMAX YEAR, 1928

Now our hands were untied. The buildings could be erected; the Faculty could be increased. There was work enough on hand to unite every teacher and officer in confident and happy labor. So much was packed into those rich and rewarding years preceding June, 1928, that pages of print would be necessary to report the story.

The same spirit of pioneering and adventure which had marked the policy of Scott and Curtiss was continued. Arthur E. Holt came to continue the work of Graham Taylor, extending it into the fields of research and survey, until it is recognized nationally as one of the most efficient departments in American theological education. The development of this department brought in Boisen, Hutchinson, and Kincheloe. It found an echo in new methods in Christian theology, where Arthur Cushman McGiffert, Jr., had succeeded the beloved Clarence A. Beckwith. The entire field of art and religion was undertaken, with a foresight and courage which has issued in the organization of courses given by Von Ogden Vogt

and Cecil Smith, under the enthusiastic leadership of Professor Fred Eastman. As successor to Henry H. Walker, Professor Wilhelm Pauck has brought the ideals and standards of German theological education to root them with profit in American soil. The business department expanded from a single filing-case and a Fox typewriter into one of the most efficient organizations representing any seminary today, under the leadership of Robert Cashman.

And so we came to the great June festival of 1928. The new buildings were dedicated. It was a glorious week for the Congregational churches of the United States (even if many of them had not heard the good news with any sense of its personal meaning); for the Seminary; and

Tributes to Ozora S. Davis

FROM OUR BOARD OF DIRECTORS

In accepting the resignation of President Davis the Board of Directors gave him the title of President Emeritus and freed him from all obligation for administrative or academic work "except to give such service in teaching as he may from time to time feel inclined to give." They further expressed their "deep affection for him . . . . their sincere appreciation of the immense value to the Seminary of his devoted service for more than a score of years, and their hope that he may be able to give, and may enjoy giving, for a long time to come, his unique service to the Seminary as a scholarly and inspirational teacher."

FROM THE DIVINITY SCHOOL

"The Faculty and Conference of the Divinity School have heard with regret of your resignation as President of the Chicago Theological Seminary.

"During these years of association the Faculties of the two Institutions have built up a friendship and co-operation which assure their increasing usefulness to the church.

"The Faculty and Conference of the Divinity School are grateful to you for your share in the creation of this institutional and personal good will. Though you may no longer be responsible for the administration of the Seminary you have so successfully developed, your influence will continue in both Institutions. Your faith, enthusiasm, and spiritual leadership will live on as a heritage of your colleagues in the Divinity School.

"By action of the Faculty and Conference of the Divinity School, University of Chicago.

WALTER A. PAYNE,
University Recorder

SHAILER MATHEWS
June 8, 1929"

for me, the time when I knew the meaning of the words, "My cup runneth over."

THE OUTLOOK

Retrospects involve outlooks. Ahead is the conservation of endeavor. The use of the new buildings must justify their gift; it will. The Faculty must be unified and somewhat augmented; this, too, will come to pass.

And now, hail to the chief! With the new year, Reverend Albert W. Palmer will come to be the fourth President of the Seminary. It is a wise choice. He will lead us all, winning increasing confidence as the swift years pass. And as the Seminary moves down those years triumphantly, in the ranks of its Faculty, by gracious provision of the Board of Directors, so long as he lives, will be a man with hope as high as the highest and courage as brave as the bravest, who will feel the fraternal touch of a hand and the whisper of Frank Ward, "Ozora, you ought to have a haircut!" Does that sound like an anticlimax? No. It is the distillation of the Seminary's spirit—a love that is stronger than death.

Living with One's Self

By ALBERT W. PALMER

Keep thy heart with all diligence for out of it are the issues of life.—Proverbs 4:23.

Thou hast sinned against thine own soul.—Habakkuk 2:10.

WE LIVE in an age of depreciated currency. When I went to Siberia with the A.E.F. in 1919, the Russian ruble, normally worth two for a dollar, was quoted at eleven and a few months later at ninety for a dollar. Pre-war German marks are practically worthless and the franc which used to be worth nineteen cents is now stabilized at four! Even the American dollar is worth only sixty cents of its pre-war purchasing power. But, in spite of all this, the realities of value remain. A bushel of wheat makes just as many loaves of bread as ever and a loaf of bread will go just as far toward sustaining life. It takes just as many days to build a house and just as many hours to make a coat.

We also live in an age of depreciated moral currency. Certain external standards of conduct have lost something of their authority. The codes no longer bind men as once they did. Traditions challenge rather than impress our age. James Oppenheim, voicing the more extreme self-centered destructive spirit of today, says:

> Let nothing bind you;
> If it is Duty, away with it.
> If it is Law, disobey it.
> If it is Opinion, go against it.
> There is only one Divinity, yourself;
> Only one God, *you!*

There is no easier way of discrediting any standard of conduct or "behavior pattern" today than to characterize it as "Mid-Victorian," "Bourgeois," or "Puritan." After that nothing more need be said.

And yet, in spite of all this cheerful renunciation of the past, certain great moral realities remain unchanged and make demands on human life which cannot be ignored. One of these is the basic fact that we have to live with ourselves. A crudely

materialistic psychology may reduce consciousness to a mere mechanical give and take of "conditioned responses" and "behavior patterns," with no need and no place for a soul or permanent unit of consciousness but, in practical life at least, we still have to live with ourselves. Even James Oppenheim's blithe negationism has to stop somewhere and so, having jettisoned Duty, Law, Opinion, and God, he still retains the Self!

Matthew Arnold, though a Victorian in time, was nevertheless a child of this present age in his sensing of its problems in advance. No one has ever better stated the solitude of the soul than he in his poem "To Marguerite":

> Yes! in the sea of life enisled,
> With echoing straits between us thrown,
> Dotting the shoreless watery wild,
> We mortal millions live alone.
> The islands feel the enclasping flow,
> And then their endless bounds they know.

But Matthew Arnold sensed not only the solitude of the soul. With a piercing moral insight he realized also the ethical significance of it. Long before Whitehead said "religion is what a man does with his solitariness," Matthew Arnold wrote:

> Sits there no Judge in heaven our sin to see?
> More strictly, then, the inward judge obey.

There is one moral reality we cannot escape, the inner judge within the soul!

This age may not hesitate to sin against God. Men may say: "We don't know anything about God—he's a mere hypothesis, or emotional by-product of primitive fear complexes or sublimation of the tribal chieftain. Anyway he's so uncertain that we'll take our chances with him." (Mind you I don't say that—quite the contrary! Personally, I believe the world is just trembling on the verge of a rediscovery of God which will make him more real than to our Puritan ancestors—the God of science and personality and the unbreakable moral order of the universe. But a lot of superficial folk swept off their feet by a mechanistic pseudoscientific philosophy do say in effect: "God can be counted out.")

But even such men know that they must keep on living with themselves. They may count God out but not the Judge within. An unknown poet writes:

> I have to live with myself, and so
> I want to be fit for myself to know;
> Always to look myself straight in the eye.
> I don't want to stand, with the setting sun,
> And hate myself for the things I've done.
> I want to go out with my head erect;
> I want to deserve all men's respect;
> But here in the struggle for fame and pelf
> I want to be able to like myself.
> I don't want to look at myself and know
> That I'm bluster and bluff and empty show.
> I never can fool myself and so,
> Whatever happens, I want to be
> Self-respecting and conscience-free.

Men quite sure they can evade God know they cannot evade themselves. "Conscience doth make cowards of us all." Some years ago in a distant city a minister came before a local association charged with a disgraceful deed. He denied the charge. Next day he came to the moderator of the association and confessed. "Why do you confess today, to me, instead of yesterday to the association?" The answer was: "I went back to my study and the very books on the shelves cried out against me. I cannot live with my study books!" But it was not his books he could not live with—it was himself!

The sincerest tribute men pay this inward judge is what the psychologists call "rationalization." Doing something which violates our standards and then thinking up a plausible reason to justify it afterward is rationalization. Aaron, when reproved by Moses for making the golden calf, seeks to evade responsibility by saying: "I said unto them, Whosoever hath any gold, let him break it off; so they

gave it to me; and I cast it into the fire, and there came out this calf!" Just like that! I was quite innocent—the gold just happened to come out in the form of a calf! Yet more tragic is the rationalization of Pilate as he calls for a basin and tries to wash his hands of the guilt for Jesus' execution.

Uusually this rationalization is directed toward the outer audience. And it may deceive them for awhile, though we need to remember Lincoln's maxim, born of ample experience, "You can fool some people all of the time and all of the people some of the time, but you can't fool all of the people all of the time!" But, in any case, rationalization never fools the inner judge!

At least we must hope that it doesn't, for to fool the inner judge would be extremely dangerous—it would mean the demagnetizing of the moral compass of the soul and leaving it adrift and lost on the sea of conduct. This peril the great ethical teachers have ever seen and cried out against. "Woe unto them that call evil good and good evil"; cries Isaiah, "that put darkness for light and light for darkness; that put bitter for sweet and sweet for bitter." So also the most ominous warning Jesus ever gave was in that cryptic utterance about the unforgivable blasphemy against the Holy Spirit. Did Jesus mean by that anything so foolish as that a man could commit blasphemy against God, the Father, and escape punishment, or against God, the Son, and possibly be forgiven, but that the third member of the Trinity was very touchy and no blasphemy against the Holy Spirit could be forgiven? What an utterly childish idea, growing out of the crude tritheism which so often passes for orthodoxy! To understand this saying you must take it in its context.

The Pharisees had just been accusing Jesus of effecting his healings by the power of Beelzebub—they were so driven by hatred of him that they attributed his good deeds to an evil spirit. That, said Jesus in effect, is the most dangerous thing a man can do—it is to blaspheme against the Holy Spirit of truth and righteousness within his own soul, to blunt the fine edge of moral discrimination and blow out the light of moral judgment within the soul. Such a sin is unforgivable because it becomes unrepentable! A man has lost his inner standards. When good and evil become confused repentance ceases to be possible. I do not say any man has ever yet reached such a condition of ethical paralysis, but I do say it represents the deepest peril of the soul.

But this inner self can be a friend as well as a judge. When Job's friends have utterly failed him, when his children are dead and his wife has left him, at the last he comes back to the inner witness of his own integrity as he faces God and maintains the essential rightness of his soul. Where is there a nobler illustration of what it means to a man to have preserved his ideals and obeyed the inward judge than in the great "oath of clearing" in the thirty-first chapter of Job?

If I have walked with falsehood,
And my foot hath hastened to deceit
(Let me be weighed in an even balance,
That God may know mine integrity);
If my step hath turned out of the way,
And my heart walked after mine eyes,
And if any spot hath cleaved to my hands;
Then let my sow, and let another eat;
Yea, let the produce of my field be rooted out.
. . . . . .
If I have seen any perish for want of clothing,
Or that the needy had no covering;
If his loins have not blessed me,
And if he hath not been warmed with the fleece of my sheep;
If I have lifted up my hand against the fatherless,
Because I saw my help in the gate:
Then let my shoulder fall from the shoulder-blade,
And mine arm be broken from the bone.

Thus Job found comfort, when all else failed, in his inner sense of integrity. The

outer world might forsake him, but before the court of conscience he could still maintain his honor.

In just this same reliance on the friendship of the inner self Lincoln said: "I am not bound to succeed but I am bound to be true," and Washington, in the darkest days of the Constitutional Convention, cried out: "Let us raise a standard to which all honest and just men can repair."

Robert Louis Stevenson has a wonderfully searching interpretation of life where he says:

> To be honest, to be kind, to earn a little and spend a little less, to make on the whole a family happier for his presence, to keep a few friends but these without capitulations, above all, on the same grim conditions to keep friends with himself—here is a task for all that a man has of fortitude and of delicacy.

Note the ethical clarity of Stevenson—"to keep a few friends but these without capitulations." He allows no surrender of moral ideals even to the sacred cause of friendship. No one has written more appealingly about friends than Stevenson. You remember his beautiful words, "So long as we love we serve and I have almost said no man is useless while he has a friend." But friends are not to be purchased or retained at the price of the surrender of ethical ideals. But Stevenson goes further down: "On the same grim conditions," he says, "to keep friends with one's self!" The inner friendship, too, is only possible on a basis of unequivocal loyalty to the highest ideals of human conduct.

To be more definite, just what are the conditions by which we make the inward judge not an avenging fury but a steadfast friend? How do we really keep friends with ourselves?

Is not the basic way one of hard work? To pull our own weight in the boat is the first requirement for a quiet conscience. Someone has said, "Service is the rent we pay for the space we occupy." What is the best vacation—idleness or a novel and health-producing form of hard work? Why are families sometimes quite unhappy on vacation? Because each member is selfishly intent on having a good time. Take the same people off a hotel porch where they have nothing useful to do and put them outdoors, climbing a trail, paddling a canoe, working hard in the open air, and joy comes flooding back into their souls. Joy is the normal reward of useful work.

And is not the second condition love? He best keeps friends with himself who keeps other friends, too, and makes a family, on the whole, happier for his presence. Someone has said that Robinson Crusoe is an utterly impossible story not because a man on a desert island could not have done all the interesting things Robinson Crusoe is represented as doing—but because, over a term of years, he would not—there would not be sufficient motive. Defoe, himself, evidently felt this and introduced man Friday. One summer on a canoe trip through Quetico Provincial Park we had a guide, a real woodsman—a fine, big, soft-spoken Norwegian son of the forest who the other nine months of the year lives all alone in the woods, trapping wolves for the Minnesota Game Commission. He tramps from one cabin to another over the snow ten or fifteen miles a day helping to protect the deer from their hereditary foes by trapping wolves all winter long. I said: "Don't you get lonesome, Chris?" "Well, some people come by in September and May," he replied with typical reticence and caution. "Yes, Chris, but what about the long months between September and May?" "Well, you see I have a dog!" One must have at least a dog to love!

Love costs! It means anxiety and self-sacrifice—it may mean pain, not only physical but spiritual. We may have to

share the failure or disgrace of those we love. But, if love costs, love also pays! It keeps the soul sane and sound and sweet within.

There is abundant evidence that those who put spiritual values ahead of material ones in the long run also keep friends with themselves most permanently. One test of life is old age. Here is a man who has put physical things first—food, money, clothes, possessions, results, achievement. It is all very well in full-blooded youth. But it doesn't build up a very deep or permanent relationship with the inner friend. As the years go by food means less—the doctor gives one a diet list! Money has been achieved—or it is recognized that it never can be achieved. In any case it is not a major satisfaction. Clothes? One can only wear one suit at a time. Results, achievement? They must be left now to younger men. If that is all life holds, old age is rather a dreary prospect for a man and his inner self. But here is another man. He has put spiritual things first—music, education, art, nature, friendships, fellowship with youth, espousal of great causes, religion! Old age comes to him, too, and the possibility of outward and material achievement slackens. But the inner friend has a store of interests for the autumn days of life. "My thoughts are my companions," says such a man—thoughts which range from pictures and cathedrals to birds and mountain peaks, from interest in great causes to personal friendships with boys and girls.

A man of profound insight into life advised his contemporaries many centuries ago to do justly, to love kindness, and to walk humbly with God. Personally I think a humble walk with God is the foundation fact in a mind at peace with itself. This is a mysterious universe we live in. It's no bed of roses. It contains tragedy and hardship, sickness and death, hurricanes and earthquakes, human perversity and sin, all are here. And yet, in spite of these distressing things—there is more. There is power to meet them bravely! There is a marvelous intelligence pervading all the universe. There is a haunting beauty. Did you ever swing your canoe into a silent lake in the glory of the morning and feel the hush of the woods and the unspoiled serenity of the wilderness? And there are hopes and dreams, great ideals, moral heroisms, love—all these, too, are here in this difficult and dangerous universe which forms the background of our lives. We do not believe that all this beauty and love and idealism is meaningless or disorganized. We believe it is the evidence that somehow at the heart of things there is a supreme intelligence, a heart of moral integrity—there is God! And he who walks in this faith, keeping a heart loyal to God—somehow, he makes friends with himself and finds a deeper peace and serenity growing up within. Untold generations rise up to say that this is so.

Perhaps there's a deeper reason why these nobler ways of life bring harmony of soul and unity of personality. What if this mysterious Inner Judge and Inner Friend be God? the part of God that dwells within us? the holy indwelling Spirit which tabernacles with man? Someone has said, "the descent into the soul is the ascent to God." Perhaps it's true and this inner judge and inner friend are the abiding witness that our lives are not alone and isolated but, in some beautiful and mystic way, are hid with Christ in God!

Preaching—The Great Task of the Minister

By Irving Maurer

An address delivered at the Graduation Exercises of the Seminary on June 5, 1929

THE glory of the Protestant church is a prophetic, and by that I mean a preaching, ministry. In denominations characterized by the spirit of the Congregational churches the minister is no more than a consecrated layman, more or less trained, who has as his task the interpretation of the spirit of God to men. Sharing with true Protestants everywhere the belief in the priesthood of all believers, churches with the Congregational spirit have been created by, and are sustained and nurtured by, the task of guiding and instructing a free and an equal fellowship of Christian souls in their Christian faith. For churches of our order this function of their ministry is viewed as an activity to prepare for which requires a high standard of education.

We are meeting tonight under the roof of an institution which exists because men believe that it is possible to train men to do several among many of the needed tasks of the church. Its Faculty is prepared to train church leaders in various ways. Here the future minister is given his historical and philosophical perspective. Here he is instructed in Bible literature. Here he is acquainted with the principles of worship based upon a knowledge of the workings of man's inner life in the presence of the vastness and mystery of existence. Here he is trained in sensible parish organization, given courses in English composition, in the leadership of social activities, and in pastoral relations. Here also the future minister is taught how to preach.

If what I have to say may appear to challenge the priestly function of the ministry, it is not because I do not recognize the minister both as priest and prophet. Yet I do not view the priestly function of the Protestant minister as at all equal in importance to his preaching function. I would challenge a growing idea in Protestant circles that the days of the preacher are numbered. I would challenge the recurrence today of the age-old tendency of ecclesiastical bodies to use priestliness as an escape from a clear scrutiny of life. We must not seek to escape our modern world. We must seek rather to understand and to control it. No one realizes more than I the tawdry cheapness of the American church architecture of our towns, the unintelligence and illiteracy of our non-liturgical services of worship. But these crudities in form are not the essential settings for a prophetic ministry. Some of the most telling prophetic utterances since Jesus lived have rung through the side aisles and under the fan vaultings of an adequate and even elaborate churchliness. Beauty and truth need not quarrel; they should kiss each other. What I would challenge is the willingness to surrender truth for beauty, to sell the prophetic birthright for a mess of liturgical pottage.

At this point I may well hear the question, "But is prophetic preaching needed today?" Such a question arises out of the fact that our people are largely well informed with regard to their world. They are often better informed than is the average minister. Often they use better grammar. To this I would reply that even in our Congregational churches mass information grows side by side with misinformation and positive ignorance. The

recreational life of our people is largely moronic in its primeval simplicities. Our college-trained constituency has not yet correlated or thought through its separate bodies of knowledge. While the intellectual adjustments to a modern world on the part of religion have been made and largely recognized, we are still rather ignorant people with regard to any attempt at a Christian order of life. On the one hand, many of us ignorantly disregard the significant attempts of modern economic and industrial forces to arrive at a greater humaneness; we disregard attempts to put beauty into our ash heaps, and to adorn the spirit of industrial weariness with garments of joy and fun and praise. There is need that these attempts be recognized—they could be proclaimed with all the hopefulness of a messenger of good news. On the other hand, the churches of the Congregational spirit have in their membership many men and women who appear satisfied with the intellectual liberalism which has stated the old gospel truth in modern terms. They are satisfied with a message which achieves a working alliance between science and religion, reveals the enduring amid the transitory, and asks no more. They are liberal and modern in their theology, are possessed of a modern theory of the atonement, think of the risen body of our Lord in terms of spiritual personality, and they are content to stop with this intellectual achievement. But this is only part of the task of a modern Christian church. It is faced with the eternal problem of human conduct and of human relations. It is not possible for Christianity to modernize its thought without proceeding to modernize its social spirit, its personal attitudes toward sin, and its personal conceptions of sin. If preaching has lost its power, it is because preachers themselves hold back from this second part of their task, and this hesitation in part accounts for whatever powerlessness halts our service to the world, and constitutes a desperate need.

I have said this institution exists because of our belief that the preacher can be trained, that preaching can be taught. The technical and physical requirements are secondary and amenable to recognized procedure. Nearly any healthy normal man or woman can be trained to enunciate distinctly, can be taught how to use his voice adequately, can be taught how to support tone with right breathing, can be taught address and delivery. This is no mysterious exclusive dowry which God bestows upon a select few. The average man, physically speaking, can be taught these things as adequately as he can be taught how to make a social survey, how to organize a church school, how to direct a young people's conference, and how to enrich his service liturgically. He can be given such a mastery over these technical requirements that they no longer obtrude with their impression of a professional mechanism. If preaching falls into disfavor, it is not because these physical matters are not sufficiently stressed in training. It fails because preaching fails in being prophetic, fails in wealth of ideas, fails in courage, fails in whole-hearted loyalty to its message of the meaning to a modern world of Jesus.

Such preaching to be successful must be biblical. One of the best sermons preached at Beloit College this year was delivered by a hard-working Presbyterian preacher who gave a brief summary of the prophetic elements in the Book of Deuteronomy. Such a sermon had humor. It had good taste and good sense. It had that lightness of literary touch which is possible only on the part of a man who has mastered his subject. The sermon was only twenty minutes long, but it made that interesting hodgepodge of priestly and prophetic writings live for these stu-

dents, who if they had been told that they were to hear a sermon on Deuteronomy would have prepared for a good snooze. This man was able to approach many of the burning issues of our world with the realization that men have always struggled with them, and he could do this with the authority which constitutes the real authority of the Bible, the authority of ethical and religious truth. Protestantism has made too much of a biblical authority which the Bible never claimed for itself. But Protestant preaching has moved men because it consisted in an expounding of the word. The reason why we make our preaching topical rather than biblical is not because the Bible is not an adequate source of truth but because to get at this truth demands hard study. But without this scholarly background, and society has a right to ask of its ministry that they be more or less scholarly in the field of Bible study, preaching becomes shallow and trivial.

Another reason why preaching should be biblical is because it is confronting so many pressing human problems. Today our tempers are sensitive and on edge. The social group which constitutes our churches is timid and nervous with regard to suggested social changes. Home, marriage, sex, business methods, social institutions, international relations, pacifism, militarism, modern industrial cities, agriculture, the land question, socialism, communism, radio, aviation, recreation, the city beautiful, interracial friction or friendliness, the new learning and its bearing on the existence of God, youth and its parents, all these things form the vocabulary of our thought life today. How shelterless and alone is the man who, scorning to subject himself to a genuine mastery of biblical truth, attempts to bring upon these questions his own unaided opinion! The Bible lives because it deals with constantly recurring issues of life. It lives because it contains the words of Jesus. To bring to our modern problems the experiences of men who have found God, to ally for the truth which the preacher wishes to teach all the authority which the Bible carries, is good homiletical strategy. The modern preacher should be a man of the word of God as found in the Bible.

And the modern preaching must be warmly social. The pulpit may need to do very little teaching in the social field. The pulpit is not necessarily the source of encyclopedic knowledge. What we ask of the pulpit is social sympathy, an effort to understand and to interpret social forces and movements. What is needed is a loving, fearless use of plain simple words. If one preaches to toilers it is not good sense for him to stress the injustices from which the toilers have often suffered. If one preaches to the rich he need not enlarge upon the sins of the wage-earners. Social movements fail not so much for lack of an adequate program but for lack of a genuine sympathy and love on the part of one group for another group. Often they fail for lack of an encouraging word. To rebuke pride and selfishness, on the one hand, and, on the other hand, to say the word to him that is weary with his effort to make his dreams come true, this is what is needed.

Modern preaching must be personal. The preacher is always seeking out the single man, making him conscious of his moral sonship, clarifying his issues, setting him apart. Here is one of the difficulties of good preaching. The Christian minister has to live with his flock. It is hard to be a true prophet when one must often go home to live with the people to whom we are preaching. Yet this intimacy is a good corrective and balance—it makes the modern prophet a better, a more dependable man. It will make of his preaching a warm, friendly thing; it will give interest

to childhood and old age, it will picture humanity as living bravely and hopefully, although often the bearer of sorrows. It will quicken our consciences and bestir us to the tasks of redemption and renewal. In the modern preacher his love of truth will make him a friend of men.

The modern prophet must be evangelical. Whether his word be one of rebuke for established sins or whether of hope for coming good, he speaks as the bearer of good news. Under the rosy aspects of present-day life are many nervous, timid, tired souls. The pulpit takes success in life too much for granted, and too easily forgets that all have sinned, have fallen short of the glory of God. While science itself teaches us the value and the possibility of the fresh start, religion, with its message of salvation by character, often overlooks the necessity of calling men to new beginnings. It allows us to settle into categories and attitudes, views mature life as crystallized into fixed reactions and relations. And the truth is that our hunger after something better must not be suppressed or it will die. Never have we needed more the message, "Ye must be born again." "The Kingdom is at hand," cried Jesus, "change your minds and believe the good news!" The preacher who can put this word of hope into the vernacular tongue is doing good preaching.

The modern preacher must be positive. He must preach more of the things that can be done than of the things that ought not be done. He must hold up to humanity its own, its true, and its better self. And life is so full of this nobility and courage. These qualities are found in all sorts and conditions of men. From such a point of view the man-destroying city, the city built of blood, is sunny and beautiful with sacrifice, unselfishness, and love. A preacher who can do this can say anything that comes to his mind—he can attack and rebuke with power, for his word is not one of despair but of triumph. We are paying the price of independence and of self-confidence by being made aware of our own poverty of soul, and if we are honest, will admit that we need to be encouraged to measure up to the fulness of the stature of one greater than ourselves. Only the preacher who can speak this encouraging word has won the right to preach the prophet's message.

The prophetic preacher must believe in and preach about God. His message must mediate divine fatherliness. Humanity is asking searching questions today. Has the new science done away with God? Do the deeper mechanical portrayals of our spiritual experiences give a total picture? What shall a modern society think of Jesus? What is left of the Bible? What is sin? Can the message of Jesus actually be applied to life today? In the growing vastness of the universe which counts its distances by hundreds of thousands of light years, in which our little earth is seen as a tiny dot of light, reflected from its own little sun, can there be any reality, any significance to man's sense of inner values, any meaning to his consciousness of beauty, any answer to his inarticulate yearnings? These are the questions which men are asking and what a task it is for men to attempt an answer! Yet, to answer questions such as these, or to answer the questions of the single individual caught in a maze of evil and sorrow and pain, bruised by accidental clashing of the very machinery which the human mind has contrived and multiplied, to go with the lonely and the grieving to the graves of their newly dead and assure them that this universe is friendly, that it cares, to fling into the noises of modern materialism the discontent and the restlessness for a personal brooding love, this is what preaching must try to do. Who can do that who has not trodden the wine press of the world's knowledge alone? Who can do it

who has not seen it out of great travail of soul? Nothing that has come to us from the laboratory or from the scientific searching has done away with Jesus' picture of God as love. To preach that, to paint this picture, of the universe gaining its true meaning through the eyes of love, to follow to the end all the implications involved in that belief, to magnify the spiritual meaning of personality, to defend mankind against his own selfishness, to show us God, this is the preacher's business.

To prepare for such a task requires the broadest possible outlook upon an actual, present world, a perspective ripened by far views over man's cultural, social, economic, political, and spiritual achievements, a familiarity with the knowledge of the present thought life of men, and a philosophy which mediates a spiritual attitude toward the universe. It demands an adequate grasp of the life and teachings of Jesus, a knowledge of the religious movements out of which Christianity sprang, a knowledge of the developments of organized Christianity, and a burning faith in the power of Jesus' teachings to create the ideal society. But it demands also a love of all sorts and conditions of men, Jesus' own belief in the power of men to do nobly and well at the business of living, and a realization that the kingdom is always at hand.

All that I have said has been said because I maintain that such preaching can be taught. To train men of this ability is no easy thing, nor is preaching an easy profession to master. It should be as hard work learning to become a good preacher as it is to become a good doctor, a good mechanical engineer, a good teacher. The seminary should be so rigorous in its training that only men mentally strong can undertake it. They must be men whose sense of homiletical honor will lift them above all efforts to be popular, above all cheap or shabby substitutes for the honestly-thought and well-delivered word of truth. They must be men trained to see and to understand, in whom men find the shadow as of a great rock in a weary land. To develop men of this stamp is the success in which the seminary can take just pride.

This preaching will probably not always be eloquent, not always conspicuous. It will be loyal, brotherly, courageous. Much of its literature will have to be composed by minds wearied by the round of needful business. Its texts will often come out of the fears or joys which one discovers in his pastoral calling. Much of it will have to be done in communities which are not spiritually literate. But the people who hear it will say with Jeremiah, "Thy words were found and I did eat them." The hungry sheep will look up and be fed. In the lives of men such preaching will be like the manna from heaven, to give strength to the pilgrimage across the wilderness; it will sustain them as they seek the promised land.

God is not dumb, that He should speak no more;
If thou hast wanderings in the wilderness
And findest not Sinai, 'tis thy soul is poor;
There towers the Mountain of the Voice no less,
Which whoso seeks shall find.

. . . . . .

Slowly the Bible of the race is writ,
And not on paper nor leaves of stone;
Each age, each kindred, adds a verse to it,
Texts of despair and hope, of joy or sorrow.
While swings the sea, while mists the mountains shroud,
While thunders' surges burst in cliff of cloud,
Still at the prophet's feet the nations sit.

—JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL

A Creative Ministry

By Arthur Cushman McGiffert, Jr.

An address delivered at the opening of the autumn quarter, 1928

AMERICA'S most notable labor leader once exclaimed: "I yearn to have the workers in industry know what a marvellously satisfying thing it is to feel that one is creating something." Samuel Gompers was drawing on forty years' experience in creating and perfecting the American Federation of Labor as a powerful, restrained, and ameliorating instrument for the advancement of unionized labor here and abroad. Undoubtedly the purest delights of his seventy years of life and labor accrued to him from this creative endeavor.

A member of a recent presidential cabinet also knew whereof he spoke when he wrote to a friend: "I would like nothing better if I had any kind of skill in using my hands than to take a year off and build a house. It is a real religion to create something."

To make something. A pile of money! A well-running and sweet-tempered home! A reputation for commercial integrity! A habit of aggressive citizenship! A reliable muscular co-ordination on the golf course! A sonnet! A correct diagnosis! A fall hat! A high morale in a student body! A mind that will not collapse when pressure is put upon it! A novel candy confection! A philosophy of life! If it were not for our intermittent chances to engage in creative activity, life would be a rather dreary round of existence.

I

There are four stages or phases in every act of creation.

First, *the vision*, the sight by the mind's eye of something new and different from the present. Occasionally the idea leaps full fledged into the mind as we are "stung by the spendour of a sudden thought." Oftener we see its reflection dimly as in an old-fashioned mirror, half-formed, elusive but vivid enough to stir the pulse with the hope of it.

That prince of philosophers, Plato, son of Ariston, it is said, once looked at a swamp and saw a city. His vision of the city did not blind him to the sight of the swamp. Yet the swamp was not just swamp. It was a city's site. I am reminded of that creative vision of Plato every time I journey to the Loop through the dreary Sahara of the new lake front. Daniel H. Burnham in 1908 looked at a sprawling, ugly, unkempt swamp of a town and saw a city with frictionless transportation facilities, adequate parks for breathing places for the population; a continuous playground for the people along the water front. The famous "Chicago Plan" was his attempt to capture his vision, and from day to day we can still observe his dream becoming actualized.

After the vision, the *engagement* in making the vision come true. It is not enough to copy the procedure of a certain town council in Wisconsin, which passed a vote to the effect that "the bog in the fifth ward be and hereby is drained." The test of the sincerity of your vision is the hard work you engage in to realize it. This is the period of muscular and mental sweat, of agony and anguish, of darkness and despair, of the ebb and flow of progress toward the goal, of more work; often, too, of a change in the object aimed at, a revision of it.

But the disappointment and the despair at the obstacles that rise athwart your path are not those of death—or seldom, for the process of creation pro-

duces a keen sense of life and reality. You may hate yourself and hate the vision that hounds you and will not let you go. But in the same breath you thank God for it, too, and go on wrestling.

After you have secured for your vision some tangible measure of realization by your creative endeavor, there comes *the sigh of joy*, the shout and tumult of exuberant satisfaction now that the thing is done, and behold it is good. What relief follows the slackening of tension and attention, a veritable seventh moment of rest. What gratification over successful achievement. What awe at this thing the hand and mind have made—not yours the praise. It was first written in heaven. You know yourself to have been inspired of God.

The final stage in the creative act is *the submission of the new creation to a competent judge*. Lorado Taft once referred to this last phase of creation rather whimsically: "To be honest, 'show off' has a great deal to do with the creative urge." With what a mixture of arrogant conceit and anxious humility we present our idea, our machine, our term paper, our newly decorated room to the critical judgment of one who is fitted to pass upon it. Every creator understands Robert Browning's reference to

> Verdi when at his worst opera's end,
> While the mad houseful's plaudits near outbang
> His orchestra of salt-boxes, tongs, and bones,
> He looks through all the roaring and the wreaths,
> Where sits Rossini patient in his stall.

We may try to solace ourselves with the congratulations of the ignorant and the incompetent, but it is a mere buzzing in our ears compared with the consent and approbation of a connoisseur.

These, then, I take to be the features and anatomy of a kind of human experience which provides life with joy and tingle: vision, labor, achievement, certification.

II

Does the ministry give men and women a chance to do creative work? Among its satisfactions is there to be numbered the marvelous satisfaction of creating something? Or does the very character of this vocation shut men out of these enviable and precious experiences?

I answer with two noes and an aye. No, the ministry is not creative, not if the minister takes his cue from the advice found in the Epistles to Timothy, a document that reads like a charge to a young minister at his first installation: "Guard what has been entrusted to you. Guard that splendid trust." Sentry duty is sometimes splendid, often taxing, frequently indispensable. Faithfulness in trusteeship, whether in or out of the ministry, is too rare an achievement ever to become a commonplace, lacking in prestige and dignity.

But trusteeship, sentry duty, guarding the faith from contamination of new thought, reproducing unchanged the ancient ways of thinking and acting does not happen to be creative work. It is work. It is hard work. It is work worth while. It offers durable satisfactions. And it is the kind of work for which many of us are best fitted. But the reiterative minister, thinking of himself primarily as a sentry, a trustee, or a steward, seldom will sense the keen pleasure of creation.

There is another way in which a minister may look at his vocation which will also rob him of the satisfaction of genuine creativity. He may visualize himself, not as the intellectual guardian of the deposit of faith, but as charged with responsibility for keeping alive a venerable institution. He may interpret the primary need of the church in general and in particular of the church he serves as that of self-preservation. His business as a leader of the church is to keep the wheels revolving and

to see that the machinery is maintained in good running order.

When I think of the impression which an age-old institution like the church exerts upon a sensitive mind, I am not surprised that its continuance seems an end in itself. Under the spell of institutional hypnotism, one can easily and with large justification visualize one's responsibility and privilege as that of handing on unweakened to the next generation the great eclessiastical organization which has been mellowed and sanctified by the service and sacrifice of now so many unbroken generations of Christian men and women. How easy the transition from that ideal to the judgment that at all costs the community must be made to support and continue a church!

An institutional minister—even at his best—belongs in the department of maintenance and repair. Sometimes he deserves a stinging rebuke; oftener he is entitled to great credit. His satisfactions in his vocation are manifold. But they are not the satisfactions that arise out of creative work.

A creative minister cannot take things as they are. He refuses to leave things as they were. He is not content with his church. He is dissatisfied with the manner of life of his community. He knows that his people—many of them—are leading colorless lives. They are puzzled. They are friendless. They are sorrowful. They are exhausted. They are remorseful. They are depleted. They are haunted. They are anxious. They are divided in mind and a prey to indecisiveness. They get into spiritual doldrums. They lack grit and grip.

Such an institution, such a community, such individuals are shocking to him. He repudiates them as incomplete, wrong. A feeling of frustration suffocates him until the picture of another and better condition rises in his creative imagination. His sense of ought-not-to-be, his consciousness of paradise not yet won provokes in his mind the vision of a new earth wherein dwelleth righteousness, the vision of a church effectively organized to serve contemporary needs in its locality, the vision of men and women who have developed their inner resources, mastered their impulses, and learned to live happily with other people.

Captivated by the vision, he declines to relax standards or fit into the accustomed situations of the past and present. He begins to bend his every effort to make those visions come true. He brings to bear upon his project every technique he is master of, all his intellectual equipment, and carefully cultivated spiritual capacity. With patience he works and in agony: by preaching, by teaching, by friendliness, by personal interest and consultations, by social crusading, by planning and by organizing, by prayer—until at last some part of the vision be incorporated into flesh and blood.

III

I have mentioned three directions in which a creative minister may turn with the creative touch of his spirit.

There is the individual, the institution, the community.

A veteran preacher once imagined he was in heaven standing before the Lord who asked him in searching fashion: "Have you been preaching good sermons?" He knew the appropriate reply was not "look at my barrel"; the appropriate reply was "look at my people." Soon after my arrival at a certain church which I had the happiness to serve at one time, I was flatly informed by one of my parishioners that he expected to attend church regularly. I was glad to be able to count on even so small a permanent nucleus for my congregation. He intended to pay attention to my sermons

(that was comforting), but I must never expect anything I might say to influence him in any way. Well, the way of the creator is not easy. He cannot make something out of nothing. He has to start with the material he has at hand, and he is likely to find the material or the circumstances obdurate and inflexible.

There is an ancient doctrine of the Christian church to the effect that God created the world *ex nihilo*, out of nothing. I sympathize with the theologians who found such an idea congenial. For if God, source and chief wielder of creative power, had to start with something given, even he could not produce a perfect creation. Whether the doctrine of divine creation *ex nihilo* is to be more commended for the light it throws on the human experience of its formulators or for its adequacy as an interpretation of the facts of life, we may leave to the happy meditations of the theologian. But the minister at least in his creative work with individuals is often well-nigh daunted by what Galsworthy in one of his novels refers to as "that great obstacle to all salvation, the human element."

Many are the predicaments into which we human beings maneuver ourselves for which outside help is needed to get us out of our trouble. The minister who is understanding enough can again and again give us an objective view of our problem that renders the solution of it less difficult. The minister who can do that is assisting in the creation of new beings.

The minister who is imaginative enough and poetical enough to say as truly and beautifully as he may what we so much wish to say but do not quite know how; who is imaginative enough and philosophical enough to think out, to think through, and to express ideas on perplexing intellectual problems which we have dimly and gropingly perceived but never plainly grasped, such a minister is assisting at the creation of new minds.

The minister who has character enough to bolster up our conscience, to touch us on the quick of our honor, with sympathetic firmness to strap back on our shoulders the burden of decision and responsibility we are trying to shift to someone's else back, is engaged in creating new characters.

The minister who is experienced enough in God to put us in contact with resources and incentives of faith, to confirm us in loyalty to the leadership of Jesus, to set us on fire with a purpose of useful service into which we can throw ourselves unreservedly is engaged in creating persons who are quite of another order from the fearful, self-centered, narrow, and impoverished individuals that used to be you or me.

Another opportunity for the exercise of the creative imagination and force of the minister is offered by the church's organization. George Tyrrell, a Roman Catholic Modernist, who died an excommunicated heretic, wrote: "God will not ask us what sort of a church have you lived in, but what sort of a church have you longed for."

At this point, again, the creative minister finds himself handicapped by existing materials. He may long to have the church of which he is the leading member sensitive to new situations and problems in the community; responsible for obligations outside its own locality—the reenforcement, for instance, of those who work in pioneer fields and along frontiers both at home and abroad; venturesome enough to undertake to meet these new needs in new ways. But like any other artist he must start with things as they now are, with a group dominated by the traditions, habits, and standards of yesterday.

A county council in the west of Eng-

land once resolved, first, to build a new jail; second, to use the materials of the old jail to build the new one; and, third, to keep the old one going until the new one was ready.

No creation, nothing at all, indeed, is possible by using such a method. But the paradox is resolved and the figure becomes an adequate symbol if we think in term of engineering rather than of architecture. The creative minister has been likened to an engineer charged with the construction of a new railroad terminal station. While he is building new tracks on new levels, he must keep the existing traffic in full operation and have the trains arriving and leaving on schedule. So the minister has to be a loyal and enthusiastic supporter of the particular organizations of his institution and of the particular group of Christians to which he belongs, while he lives in feeling and in constructive planning in the more flexible and serviceable and inclusive church of tomorrow.

The third field of creative opportunity is that of community or national or international life. If amusements are unhealthy, a minister's people, yes and those outside the scope of his official ministry, become dissipated. If civic practices thwart, intimidate, and impoverish his people, he is concerned. If racial prejudices stir up enmity; if educational facilities are inadequate or unfairly distributed; if industrial enterprises under-reward those at the bottom and over-reward those at the top, with equally tragic but antithetical consequences; if the peace of the world is disturbed, his people suffer. The minister is bound to turn his thought and action to the creation of environmental creators of individual well-being.

Why the ministry? If I were to say, "Why, just for fun," I might seem to speak too light-heartedly. Yet something of the sort I mean. The minister is one of the most selfish creatures in the world. He is doing what he most wants to do. His is a delicious life, an electric life, a life of alternate despair and satisfaction as he exercises his imagination and power to create new individuals, more serviceable churches, a more just, friendly, and honest social order.

A Daring "Preface to Morals"

Reviewed by FRED EASTMAN

MR. WALTER LIPPMANN, the forceful and brilliant editor of the *New York World*, probably wrote his new book[1] in a steam-heated flat in New York. I read it and reread it on the Atlantic Ocean during eight days of tempest and high seas. The bow of the ship pointed now toward heaven and now toward hell, and it seemed to me that the book did the same.

The heavenward part is the author's terrific earnestness and sincerity in the whole and the results he achieves in the third section dealing with business, government, and sexual relations in modern society. The hellward part is the middle section on humanism and pointing directly away from God. Halfway between these two is a more or less level discussion of the dissolution of the ancestral order, the decline of authority in the church and

[1] *A Preface to Morals*. By Walter Lippmann. Macmillan Co., 1929. Pp. 348. $2.50.

traditional religion, and the present spiritual crisis faced by modern men.

He sets himself the task of discovering the foundations for morals for men and women who no longer believe in the religion of their fathers. These are the legions who have turned to a non-theistic liberalism in which man is supposed to be free from the restraints of superstition and external authority. They have found freedom of a sort, but they have not found peace. Rather, he says, they have found the truth of Huxley's remark that a man's worst difficulties begin when he is able to do as he likes. The evidence of these greater difficulties Mr. Lippmann sees all about us:

> in the brave and brilliant atheists who have defied the Methodist God, and have become very nervous; in the women who have emancipated themselves from the tyranny of fathers, husbands, and homes, and with the intermittent but expensive help of a psychoanalyst, are now enduring liberty as interior decorators; in the young men and women who are world-weary at twenty-two; in the multitudes who drug themselves with pleasure; in the crowds enfranchised by the blood of heroes who cannot be persuaded to take an interest in their destiny; in the millions, at last free to think without fear of priest or policeman, who have made the moving pictures and the popular newspapers what they are.
>
> These are the prisoners who have been released. They ought to be very happy. They ought to be serene and composed. They are free to make their own lives. There are no conventions, no tabus, no gods, priests, princes, fathers, or revelations which they must accept. Yet the result is not so good as they thought it would be. The prison door is wide open. They stagger out into trackless space under a blinding sun. They find it nerve-wracking [pp. 6, 7].

He identifies himself with these disillusioned souls and throughout the book his sympathies with them, his knowledge of their struggles, and his incisive analysis of their background and environment constitute the unclaimed credentials of leadership. He is a true leader, for he knows where he wants to go and he stands among those who do not. He has courage among a group who fear. He would be the last to wish to be called their prophet. I suspect he would insist that the term prophet is applied to one who proclaims some supernatural revelation. But he is their prophet for all that, for he reveals his own sensitive insight and speaks his own considered judgment on contemporary spiritual problems without fear or favor of the traditional and orthodox institutions of religion. This is, and always has been, the essence of prophecy.

His thesis he states in these words:

> It is my thesis that because the acids of modernity have dissolved the adjustments of the ancestral order, there exists to-day on a scale never before experienced by mankind and of an urgency without a parallel, the need for that philosophy of life of which the insight of high religion is a prophecy. For it is immature and unregenerate desire which creates the disorders and the frustrations that confound us. The preoccupation of the popular religion has been to find a way of governing these disorders and of compensating for their frustrations. The preoccupation of high religion is with the regeneration of the passions that create the disorders and the frustrations. Insofar as modernity has dissolved the power of the popular religion to govern and to compensate, the need for a high religion which regenerates becomes imperative, and what was once a kind of spiritual luxury of the few has, under modern conditions, become an urgent necessity of the many. The insight of high religion which has hitherto indicated a kind of bypath into rare experiences is now a trail which the leaders of mankind are compelled to take.

To support this thesis he presents, first, a picture of the modern world, urban, industrialized, depersonalized, and disillusioned concerning the authority of an infallible church and an infallible Bible. Then on the assumption that the old moral standards were all based on Roman Catholic or Fundamentalist conceptions of an external, supernatural, and divine kingdom "from which ultimately all laws, all judgments, all rewards, all punishments, and all compensations are derived," he argues that, since these conceptions have broken down, the foundations of morality have also broken down.

The modern man must consequently make new ones if he is to have any, and this time he would be wise to base them on human experience rather than superstition about an external divine authority. This new morality must have its religion, but it will be religion "conceived as the art and theory of the internal life of man" rather than "religion conceived as cosmic government." The latter he thinks is characteristic of all popular religion and the former the characteristic of the religion of the sages.

This "art and theory of the internal life" is to him the essence of humanism and he thinks it diametrically opposed to a theistic conception of life. Quite honestly and candidly he classes himself with the humanists and admits that his book will seem nothing short of treason to God to those who hold that the universe is a theocracy. The chief principle of theocratic religion he holds is dependence, obedience, and conformity to the will of God; the chief principle of humanism, he says, is detachment, understanding, and disinterestedness. This principle is at the heart of such virtues as courage, honor, faithfulness, veracity, justice, temperance, magnanimity, and love. Since these are the virtues necessary as ideals for modern man's morality, it follows that he needs humanism.

Next come three great chapters in which he shows how the principle of disinterestedness must lie at the basis of any successful solution of the problems of business, government, and sexual relations. To the mind of this reviewer his conclusions here are not at all dependent upon his preceding sections. They might have been reached by a great economist or sociologist whose theological concepts were entirely different. For humanism, as he admits, has no monopoly on the doctrine of disinterestedness. Two thousand years ago Jesus said, "He who would come after me, let him deny himself and take up his cross and follow me," and over and over again that call to deny one's own selfish interest and take up a cross and live life dangerously sounds through the gosepls. But we will not quarrel over who first proclaimed the principle. It is a valid principle, and the more religions that make it central the better. Mr. Lippmann applies it in these three chapters.

He traces the history and evolution of business from the days when it depended upon the muscle of ignorant and subjugated men to the present when it depends upon power-driven machinery and has within itself the "seeds of constant reconstruction." Along with this evolution there has come a corresponding evolution in business ideals and morals. He shows the weakness of socialism, fascism, and bolshevism as attempts to cure the evils "resulting from the breakdown of a somewhat primitive form of capitalism." He sees advanced industrial organization "too complex to be directed by democratic politicians," and believes that the leaders of industry are being "forced to evolve forms of self-control." He says,

> It is my impression that when machine industry reaches a certain scale of complexity it exerts such pressure upon the men who run it that they cannot help socializing it. They are subject to a kind of economic selection under which only those men survive who are capable of taking a somewhat disinterested view of their work. A mature industry, because it is too subtly organized to be run by naïvely passionate men, puts a premium upon men whose characters are sufficiently matured to make them respect reality and to discount their own prejudices [p. 257].

In like manner he traces the history and evolution of government and of the enlarging and confusing demands of political loyalties from loyalty to individual leaders, to loyalty to political institutions, to loyalty to political ideals and patterns of conduct. We no longer live in times when government rules men. All

government can do is to provide legal sanctions for groups to rule their own affairs.

> Effective laws may be said to register an understanding among those concerned by which the law-abiding know what to expect and what is expected of them; they are insured with all the force that the state commands against the disruption of this understanding by the recalcitrant minority. In the modern state a law which does not register the inward assent of most of those who are affected will have very little force as against the breakers of that law [p. 279].

The only groups likely to secure laws for their protection and advance are the groups which can first so organize themselves as to know what they want and then exert sufficient pressure on the lawmakers to get it. And once they have the laws they will be effective only so long as they (the groups) are able to enforce them. All this means that the rôle of the statesman of the future is to guide groups into wanting such laws as will be for the ultimate good of all, and once they get them remember that their enforcement rests forever, not with the police, but with educated public opinion.

His chapter on sex relations is probably the most significant of all. He summarizes the changes which have come in woman's status, especially in the breakdown of the external control of her chastity. He deals frankly, searchingly, and above all dispassionately with birth control and its camp-followers, free love, trial marriage, and companionate marriage. His argument might be roughly epitomized thus: Now that the conditions of urban living make modern women comparatively free from external supervision of their sex life, and wide knowledge of methods of contraception has removed the fear of pregnancy, they need to think through the question of what their attitude shall be toward the sex relationship. Shall it be that the sexual act is as inconsequential as a handshake? Or shall it be the other extreme that it is a sacrament, a physical symbol of an inner and spiritual union? By a process of close and inductive reasoning he comes to a position much nearer to the latter extreme. He sees no good in promiscuous sex relationships or in divorcing the sex life from home-making.

> Lovers who have nothing to do but love each other are not really to be envied; love and nothing else very soon is nothing else. The emotion of love, in spite of the romanticists, is not self-sustaining; it endures only when the lovers love many things together, and not merely each other. It is this understanding that love cannot be successfully isolated from the business of living which is the enduring wisdom of the institution of marriage.

He has little patience with the sentimentalist views of marriage and believes that "given an initial attraction, a common social background, common responsibilities, and the conviction that the relationship is permanent, compatibility in marriage can be achieved." And the principle by which it can be achieved is, of course, the principle of disinterestedness in the sense of schooling one's own desires, and in adopting what a Christian would call a golden-rule attitude.

Finally, he brings his book to an end by a chapter on the place and function of a scientific moralist in the modern world. This is a sort of 1929 model of the "call-of-the-ministry" chapters which used to conclude more orthodox books on religion and morals. Once again he insists that we must choose between religion as a system of cosmic government and religion as "insight into a cleansed and matured personality: between God conceived as the master of fate, creator, providence, and king, and God conceived as the highest good to which they (men) might aim." He wants no authority except the authority of tested human experience, but he wants that authority sincerely and he wants mankind in general, and moralists in particular, to set about the task of building up such a body of experience

without reference to churches, creeds, or theocratic religions of any sort.

The strength of Mr. Lippmann's book lies in his analysis of the present crisis in our individual and social morality, in his masterly presentation of the foundation factors of better morals in the future, and in his freedom from cant—the cant of the pious and of the impious. The weakness of the book lies, it seems to me, in his insistence that the new moral standards be divorced from historic religion, in his treatment of liberal Christianity and humanism, and in his "treason" to God. This review has already dealt with the elements of strength; let it conclude with an estimate of the weakness.

Why divorce the new moral standards from historic religion? Is Mr. Lippmann so sure that his reasoning and his own attitudes are not rooted in that religion? Can he be unaware that the currents of historic Christianity are sweeping on toward the very goals he visions, and have been doing so with increasing force since Rauschenbusch? What service does he do his cause when he prefers to float it away from these currents and to propel it by the winds of its own logic? He may attract a few, but he will frighten away the many. And new moral standards require the many to make them effective.

He may answer that he does not see the currents of historic Christianity sweeping that way. His treatment of Dr. Fosdick and the liberals in Christianity indicates as complete a misunderstanding of the heart of modern Christianity as it is conceivable for an intelligent man to have. For he sees them as weasels sucking the real meaning out of the traditional Christian doctrines and substituting new meanings in harmony with modern thought. What they are actually doing, however, is getting at the real meaning of Jesus and the prophets and the gospel writers by removing from them the theological barnacles that have crusted them over during the last twenty centuries. If he does not believe this, let him read with an unbiased mind the writings not only of Dr. Fosdick but of such others as Bishop Francis McConnell, Harry Ward, Dean Sperry, Rufus Jones, and Arthur Holt. Better yet, let him read again the Sermon on the Mount and ask himself if he is sure he wants to cut loose from a religion which in spite of all its mistakes and accretions of human weakness has yet kept this sermon a living power in the world.

The nub of the matter is evident in his discussion of humanism and God. He seems here to be guilty of a curious non sequitur. For he says in substance, since we cannot believe in the authority of an infallible church or of an infallible Bible as the Fundamentalists view it, and since we cannot accept the idea of an anthropomorphic creator, therefore there is no God. It does not follow. Not once in all the first two sections of the book does he consider such an immanent Creator God as the Quakers and liberal Christians generally worship. That idea of God might be described as that creative power inside and outside a man which helps him transform his own life and the life about him from chaos to order, from stagnation to growth, from selfishness to good will, from ugliness to beauty. Not once does Mr. Lippmann show any appreciation of the fact that the Bible is, among other things, the record of man's gradually enlarging conceptions of God until they reach a climax in Jesus' simple statements, "God is spirit," "God is love." Not once does he give any recognition to the fact that the kingdom of heaven, according to Jesus, is not an objective kingdom of things, but an inner life: "The Kingdom of Heaven is within you."

It is entirely understandable why a sincere moralist should wish to be candid about his lack of belief in a bearded old

gentleman sitting on a throne above the clouds. It is not so clear why that moralist should ignore the God who is spirit and love. To ignore him is not "treason." It is ingratitude. Would Mr. Lippmann say that his career as a brilliant journalist is one entirely self-made? Or have there been in it the unmistakable evidences of a beneficent Power who whispered through conscience in times of temptation, who strengthened in times of weariness, who lifted up the heart in times of inspiration, who gave him now and then at least a sense of unity with the cosmos? Only Mr. Lippmann can say. If he thinks he has done it all himself—well, let him. But if he thinks that Power is in his life and in the lives of his fellow-men, and that its sway may extend beyond the measure of men's minds, why not have the courage to say so in a skeptical age? After all, the only standards of morality worth following are those in the hands of men who themselves set the example. A fine example of moral courage for this world just now would be for some outstanding humanists to bow their stiff necks and bend their stubborn knees and say very humbly, "Our Father which art in heaven, hallowed be thy name."

What the Seminary Did for Me

By RALPH R. SHRADER

[*This letter is in reply to one that Dr. Davis wrote to Mr. Shrader asking what the Seminary had given him for his work in China.*—EDITOR.]

FOOCHOW, CHINA, January 16, 1929

DEAR DR. DAVIS:

I'm sorry that I'm so late in answering your fine letter of last fall. I was away from home several weeks before and after Christmas and since that time have been trying to catch up with back work. We are planning to open Foochow College next term and as it is under Chinese leadership and as we must work everything out on a new basis there is more than enough to do. Just this afternoon the new regulations for middle schools came from the commissioner of education's office and our whole curriculum was thrown out of balance. The government is emphasizing two things especially—mathematics and history. Mathematics to produce technical leaders for the new China, history to show how the western nations have exploited China. That is putting it bluntly but it seems to be the underlying idea.

It is interesting to notice how things have changed during the short time we have been out here. For instance, two years ago when the mid-term commencement programs were held the foreigners were in charge, did most of the speaking, presented the diplomas or degrees, all the teachers sat on the platform. We have just completed the commencement round and in our girls' school there was not a single foreigner on the platform, at the Normal school one foreigner, at the University one foreigner but he would not have been there if he had not been the first president of the institution and if he had not just announced a gift of one-fourth million dollars for the University from the Hall estate.

Another indication of how rapidly we are changing out here. A little over a year

ago it was a sign that a girl was a "radical" if she had bobbed hair. Some of our schools refused to let their girls have their hair bobbed. Last week as the girls were given their diplomas I noticed that only one in the class did not have her hair bobbed. And when we go to the Y.M.C.A. to have our hair cut we find more women than men there—and let me tell you, on the side, that these Chinese girls are most stunning when they comb their hair back.

We have some great Chinese leadership and my one great hope is that we will be able to turn things over to them in a way that will work for their own good as well as for the good of the church. The University, Foochow College, the Normal School, Wenshan Girls' School—all have as principals students who have studied in the U.S.A. and they are an exceptionally capable and fine-spirited group. If ever our friends at home had reason to come to the support of Christian sharing they certainly have it now as these young Christians try to assume the difficult task of building a social order which is at least social if not distinctly Christian. In some ways the odds are against them but on the other hand it is doubtful if ever before the Christian religion had such an opportunity as it now has in China. There is no doubt that the old religions are going. Education will take care of that. But the government is not willing to wait for education so it is turning the temples into schools and public buildings. It is issuing orders forbidding the old practices of divination, parading the gods, making idol paper—and is even going to try to do away with the Chinese New Year festival. Now any government which tries to do away with the New Year's ceremonies in China is going some. Of course the danger is that the old religions will be dethroned and that materialism will be the only god which will be worshipped. If Christianity doesn't have a concern for China at present, with materialism and militarism threatening her spiritual life as they are, when would she have a concern for a nation and its people?

Now about the seminary and your question, "Are we sending out devoted and inspired ministers?" I suppose the real point is, Do we who are from the seminary have a passion for *anything?* Of course we cannot get enthusiastic and lose ourselves for Pentecostal or Holy Roller theology, but do we have something over which we can lose thought for self and become "fools for Jesus' sake" as I think someone has expressed it? Did the seminary give me such a passion? No and yes. It took away most of the premillennial, be-good-for-it-pays, save-me-for-the-world-to-come type of religion which I had. Some of the people in our mission who have done the greatest work have exactly the kind of religion which I lost in the seminary. Perhaps no one should criticize them for the heritage which they leave but sometimes we wonder if the recipe didn't get mixed so that more heat than light was thrown in. Just this afternoon a former student came around and when the dean of our school asked him what he intends to do next term, he replied," I'll trust the Lord to take care of me." Last fall this student had an opportunity to go to the University but he preferred to go to a Pentecostal missionary who put him on a diet of three hours a day of Bible study plus other things. In a large way we have this sort of thing in the "True Religion of Jesus" movement which was so popular around here last summer. But most of us from such schools as the seminary cannot lose ourselves in that sort of thing.

What then, do we have? Anything? Yes, certainly, but not as much as I wish we had. It is not as easy to get passionate over social evils as it used to be to get passionate over a literal hell—but it ought to be easier when we see the world in

which we live. But it is easier to promise heavenly rewards than it is to attack economic problems which, if really pressed, would cut the financial throat of the church and would drive many of the best people out of it. Are we willing as individuals and as an institution to be put on the Black List for Jesus' sake? I believe the Black List in America is much worse than the one in China at the present time —of course there is some opposition, but Christianity is even the popular thing among some of the highest official circles. What did I get at the Seminary? In your classes in Theory of Preaching and Case Study, in Holt's classes, and in Haydon's classes I got a new conception of Christianity—a message which I believe is greater than that of the Pentecostals although it's not so easy to measure our results. Just this afternoon the person who led prayer meeting seemed to think that the highest test of a Christian was applied when we asked, "Does he attend church?" A week ago the former president of the Student Volunteer Movement in the U.S. was here—now in our Shaowu station—and he said, "We have one man who refuses to attend church. He refuses to have anything to do with the bunch of hypocritical preachers who are too lazy to prepare their sermons and who rave on week after week and year after year without trying to meet the present needs at all. I consider this non-church goer the hope of our work." As I attend most of our church services I feel like the young missionary from Shaowu—but I'm not convinced that we can best clean up the church by refusing to have anything to do with it.

Passion? For what? A passion for man. A passion to save man from the selfishness of self, from the dangers of the group in which he moves, from such oppression on the part of his fellows that he will never have a chance to be a man. I don't expect many of my pupils to spend three hours a day reading the Bible. Probably a too small percentage will spend their afternoons preaching on the street corners, but I'm hoping that a few of them will find their way into full-time service in the church; I'm hoping that all of them will have become humanized and socialized to some extent before they leave our school. I hope to be able to help them find a religion which can live in a world of science, to help them feel their responsibility for their fellow-man no matter what profession they follow, to send them out determined to do all in their power to save their country from the worship of profits, battleships, competition. To do the above most effectually I believe that it is necessary to lead them into friendship with Jesus. Due mostly to my own temperament but partly to the influence of the seminary, this friendship which I will try to propagate will not be the hot, passionate type which our friends from Moody have. But I hope it will be enduring and that it will stand the strain when the world calls with its many voices.

I know I haven't answered your questions fully but perhaps I've succeeded in letting you know that I believe the seminary is doing a great work, and any time you have an opportunity to get a Holt or someone else with a social passion such as he has on the faculty don't miss the opportunity.

With very best wishes to you and Mrs. Davis, I am,

Most sincerely yours,

RALPH R. SHRADER

A Great Preacher among Us

By FRANK G. WARD

CARL PATTON'S acceptance of the Los Angeles call made a large hole in our Department of Practical Theology. Thereupon the Trustees wired to Dr. Nehemiah Boynton in New England to come for the autumn quarter and give us the benefit of his comradeship and experience. He came and is now among us lecturing on "The Minister and His Message," and holding many conferences with students.

My first close-up picture of Dr. Boynton dates back to 1906. He was just leaving the old First Church in Detroit as I was going to Plymouth Church in Lansing. Dr. Sanderson, of blessed memory, used to tell me how Dr. Boynton would get into an old fur coat, climb over the wheel of a spring wagon, and slide down into the seat by an up-state brother minister to drive with him to his parish among the pine woods. He was just the man to make an isolated minister feel the bigness of his job. This contagious spirit evidently worked not only upon the young man driving over corduroy roads but also upon those of his own household. Of the second generation of Boyntons, Edward C. is the Congregational minister in Rutland, Vermont; M. Russell is pastor of the Bryn Mawr Church in Chicago; Grace is a missionary in China; and Elizabeth is the wife of the Rev. W. W. Patton of New Jersey.

Dr. Boynton has been a minister in the Boston area for fourteen years, in Detroit for ten years, and in the Clinton Avenue Congregational Church of Brooklyn, New York (where he is now emeritus), for fifteen years. For the last eight years he has been minister and lecturer at large in this country and in Japan, and has served as executive chairman of the World Alliance for the Promotion of International Friendship through the Churches. He was moderator of the National Council of Congregational Churches from 1910 to 1913. His book entitled *Real Preaching*, has been a standard homiletical work for many years.

Like other unweaned sons of New England who have wandered far and become a part of all that they have met, he now lives, between his travels, in one of the Newtons, just out of Boston. His personality is rich with the wealth of the past and radiant with the promise of the future. His presence with us means much.

How I Spent My Summer

FACULTY

ANTON T. BOISEN—My summer has been very largely taken up in the attempt to get work out of Ray Nelson and Bob Rasche and fifteen other theological students who came to the Worcester State Hospital in search of clinical experience. It is perhaps a bit rough on theological students to put them to work in a pick and shovel gang and to have them scrub floors and wash windows and make beds but I am happy to report that Nelson and Rasche did their part right well. I confess to a good many misgivings at the beginning of the summer. I was afraid I might have been too ambitious and brought in too many students. But thanks to the good work done by this summer's group theological students may still be sure of a welcome at our hospital. I shall therefore again be on the lookout for some likely recruits who are interested in the oppor-

tunity which our hospital affords to gain that insight into human nature which comes through the understanding of the disorders of the personality.

NEHEMIAH BOYNTON—

> I'm only wishing to go a fishing
> And spend a day on Nature's breast!

My summer was spent, mostly, on the "salt, unplumbed estranging sea" off the coasts of Maine and Massachusetts, guest of my beloved fisherman, named "The Sky Pilot!" The only squall was a hurry-up wire asking me to be a good sport, make a sacrifice hit, and come to Chicago Theological Seminary for the fall term. I came and am finding that the squall is a stiff but steady breeze and that once again "the wind is tempered to the shorn lamb."

ROBERT CASHMAN—Stayed at the Seminary all summer holding the fort. Conducted financial campaign for the Hyde Park Congregational Church and a membership campaign for the Congregation Club of Chicago. Both went over the top.

OZORA S. DAVIS—Presenting the Davis Convalescent Sanitarium on Great Island in Lake Sunapee, New Hampshire. Older patient, recovering from surgery, gaining strength steadily under clean air, sunshine, diet. Younger patient, releasing arm from sling, slow improvement of right hand. Youngsters in charge of all details. Many letters. Cabins in woods. Thrushes; birch trees; sunlight, starlight, moonlight, all glorious. Occasional guests. Reading aloud. Writing at will. Indolence becoming tonic. And so, to Chicago.

FRED EASTMAN—Through April, May, and June I worried the family baggage over France, Italy, Switzerland, Germany, Belgium, and England. Then with contracted purse but eyes rich from travel, I settled down with my family in Somerset and later in Oxford, England, for two months of study and writing. Completed a new three-act Christmas play. Wrote articles for the *Christian Century* and an English newspaper syndicate. Preached in famous old churches in London and Bristol. Addressed the Religious Drama Council of England, and sailed for home just in time to attend the opening exercises.

DAVIS EDWARDS—My summer activities included a recital trip to Kansas in June, ten weeks at Chautauqua, New York, where I taught in the Summer Schools, a trip to New York City, and a delightful automobile trip with my family in September. At Chautauqua, in addition to my teaching, I acted as program assistant to the president of the institution, gave a series of lectures on "Effective Speech" and a series of dramatic recitals, including Rostand's *Cyrano de Bergerac*, Sophocles' *King Oedipus* in a new version by Yeats, Kaufman and Ferber's *The Royal Family*, and Kelly's *The Show-Off*.

CARL R. HUTCHINSON—The most interesting part of my summer was a three weeks' vacation spent with Mrs. Hutchinson and Pauline at the Ashland Folk School, Grant, Michigan. Under the roof of an old Danish High School were gathered adults from various states and occupations. No distinctions were recognized between teacher and pupil. Each one came to help get his bearings and adjust his sense of values by sharing in the common life. Such a purpose brought together ministers, farmers, clerks, teachers, a Jewish rabbi, students, a locomotive engineer, Y.M. and Y.W. workers. The activities included group discussion, folk games, group singing, hikes, and neighboring with the Danish farmers whose homes so picturesquely dot the countryside.

SAMUEL C. KINCHELOE—My vacation was really a joke. Until July 3, Dr. Holt and I were still busy making reports on various projects and cleaning up the year's work. During July and August, I spent my odd moments preparing material for the Tower Hill Conference and the State Convocation and for the Presbyterian Young People's Conference at Camp Gray. My family spent the summer at Lakeside, and there we had some glorious weekends swimming, picnicking with the Chaves and other friends on the top of the dunes, and visiting the remarkable museum at Three Oaks. We enjoyed an automobile trip through Ontario, Niagara Falls, and Pennsylvania for ten days in September.

A. C. MCGIFFERT, JR.—The tide of my summer's experience established a half-dozen high-water marks. The Student Conference at

Lake Geneva brought me into intimate contact with the men who are engaged in the fascinating work of counseling students. At Eggemoggin, Maine, after a row across the reach, Mrs. McGiffert and I had tea and talk with Dr. and Mrs. Beckwith. Chicago is the constant magnet of their thoughts. In the balmy air of Cape Cod the ex-president of Union Seminary and I had many a hearty discussion of historical, theological, and literary questions. Two mutually exclusive individuals, R. W. Emerson and Emil Brunner, became particularly responsible for some writing on my part. And both in Massachusetts and down Maine way my boys took to the salt water, and its scent was as sweet in their nostrils as it was in mine.

WILHELM PAUCK—Even the smiling and appreciative faces of the summer students whom I instructed in heresies—greetings to them all!—could not have made me bear the pain over the fact that all my colleagues were away, if, at the beginning of the second term, Mr. Alderton had not appeared with a brand new car. He and his charming wife drove this car to the best golf course in Chicago's environs and showed Mrs. Pauck and me a real summer. Afterward, it was easy for us to have most delightful and refreshing September vacations in Mrs. H. H. Walker's cottage on the lake near Frankfort, Michigan.

BENJAMIN W. ROBINSON—Black Lake in Michigan brought back this summer many memories of earlier days. In over fifteen years this is the first opportunity I have had to renew acquaintance with folks and scenes which during my boyhood years became very precious. Books and manuscripts made the first part of the summer very busy. Canoeing on the Kalamazoo and other beautiful rivers of Michigan made the latter part still busier. But the greatest joy of all is to get back to our beloved Seminary and to greet students and friends both new and old.

CECIL MICHENER SMITH—Mrs. Smith and I spent the summer getting ready to be married, getting married, and getting used to being married. We prepared for our wedding by driving with my mother to New England, and staying away from the scene of action until the last possible moment. After the wedding early in August we honeymooned in the West, spending what time we had left over from changing tires exploring the ruins of Mesa Verde and humbling ourselves before the Grand Canyon. During the summer we heard music, from the sophisticated Boston "Pops" to the even more sophisticated singing of the modern Navajos.

MATTHEW SPINKA—I have seen three thousand miles of highways, but very little else. Of the road I am vividly conscious, as well as of the painful awareness of the ditch, yawning like the gates of Tartarus beside it. I might have seen some trees and shrubs and hills, but I am not clear about that; I was too busy watching the road to see such sights. Moreover, I dimly remember having passed through some cities, but the only objects which impinged themselves upon my mental apparatus were the traffic lights. It was a most exacting lesson in stick-to-it-iveness: at first, I was afraid that I should not stick to the highway and land in the aforesaid ditch; later, I was afraid that I should stick to the road only too well. Strictly speaking, any vacation we have had, had to be enjoyed between the rides. We spent three weeks in Chautauqua, New York, bathing, painting, attending concerts, reading, and resting. On the way back, we passed through Pennsylvania and Ohio, visiting friends. Then a week in Iowa completed the program. I am glad the hard work of driving is over, and I am at last back at my own job.

FRANK G. WARD—Thirty years have seen us travel together at least two hundred thousand miles, but never before have Mrs. Ward and I started out with less of a schedule than this summer. We were like Adam and Eve when

> The world was all before them, where to choose
> Their place of rest, and Providence their guide.

We reread *Lorna Doone*, *Kenilworth*, and *The Lady of the Lake* in their settings. We tried to keep awake during sun-up in Norway. We hunted the ghost of Hamlet, visited farms, and attended an educational conference in Denmark. We saw the Zeppelin just above our hotel in Berlin on the day it started round the world but were a few days early to see it come to heel at Lake Constance. It was good to be

back in Germany again and it brought a renewed confidence in its honest, hard-working, capable people. A Dresden opera, a trip through the Harz, the Cologne Cathedral, and up-the-Rhine were outstanding events in that country. The Lion of Lucerne, two hundred hairpin turns over the St. Gotthard Pass, and the Jung Frau in the light of the setting sun, framed by the open doors of our balcony room at Interlaken, with the Kuhglocken of the next morning, confirmed the impressions from a third of a century agone that Switzerland is a joy forever. Paris is still France but not all. A four-hundred-mile special auto trip along the battle-scarred Marne and off from Verdun to the grave of a nephew in Saint Mihiel brought conflicting emotions of faith and fear.

Altogether the weather was fine and not too hot. There was this difference between Mrs. Ward and myself. The ocean is a means of getting to Europe for her; for me, in part, Europe is an excuse for taking an ocean voyage.

STUDENTS

NELSON I. BAXTER—Sending out the light, not as a preacher, but as an electrician, I spent my summer in the pursuit of money rather than experience—but got less of the former and more of the latter than I had expected. However, I enjoyed it immensely.

MILTON A. BIERBAUM—As a staff member of a modern home for children and aged, I had the opportunity of seeing such institutional life from the inside. This inverted viewpoint was most illuminating. Gifts and obligations came together. Encouraging, however, was the noble response the children made to the freedom given them by new leadership.

CHARLES T. BREWSTER—Throughout the summer I preached at Pike, New Hampshire, as successor to Harold Janes. Pike is world-famous for its production of whetstones, and we found it admirable for sharpening one's wits. Pike is also a Mecca for the vacationist. The surrounding lakes and mountains attract a great number of the city's wearied ones who are a despair to the post-office and a welcome support to the church. Not among the least of the experiences of the summer was the occasion when seventy representatives of a girls' camp decided to attend the service.

J. ALBERT CLARK—As tent man with Chautauqua, setting up the equipment for a six days' program of music, lectures, and plays in small towns through New York and New England, I saw the working man's side of life and also met some of the finest stage talent in the country.

CHESTER FISK—Beach duty, devotions, inspection, instruction, swimming, hiking, baseball, volley-ball, tennis, assorted games, pirate chases, treasure hunts, marshmallow roasts, library duty, Sunday services, camp fires, stunt nights, "sings," conferences, programs—all this, and more, at Tower Hill Camp, on the Michigan shore, as director of activities. Later, a motor trip through the East, in preparation for the annual invasion of Chicago.

LAWRENCE A. GEDCKE—Preached during August. Saw the Graf Zeppelin. Then a trip with Dr. Kincheloe and family, hitting such points as Tower Hill, my native country, Ontario, beautiful Naigara Falls, Alleghany State Park, dirty Pittsburgh—didn't stop there but came back to less dirty Chicago and C.T.S.

WALTER C. GIERSBACH—What could be more delightful than a month's vacation on America's last frontier—north Wisconsin? With Dr. and Mrs. C. L. Fisk, of Cleveland, and Mrs. Fisk's parents, Mr. and Mrs. L. A. Ballou, of Florida, we sojourned at our summer home on historic Madeline Island, in Lake Superior, during July. The deer were plentiful and the fishing par excellence. August was spent in pastoral duties at the Euclid Avenue Congregational Church, Cleveland, Ohio.

ARTHUR D. GRAY—June found me leaving the cherished walls of Alma Mater, the proud recipient of the long looked-for "sheepskin." With a proud feeling of being educated at last, I came to Chicago to enjoy a well-earned rest. However, the old economic urge aroused me from my reveries, and I paid tribute before the shrine of the god of toil in the Palmer House, of Chicago, for the summer.

KENDRICK GROBEL—My job this summer was in the field of education; that is, of educating myself. Officially I was an employee of an old and well-known aluminum company, doing my little bit to educate the people in a small section of South Dakota to better,

healthier cooking—and to sell them the new equipment necessary. I found cooking in private homes for from ten to forty people of all classes and many nationalities—Bohemians, Germans, Scandinavians, Indians, and nondescripts like myself—a liberal education.

HAROLD O. HATCHER—June 12, then a move 1,400 miles westward to my first "field" —with high hopes and some fears. Full charge of an interdenominational church "across the tracks" whose principal work was with young people. Community exceedingly responsive; Billings and the West even more appealing. Lesson learned: Work, as well as the preparation for it, is a challenging opportunity. Climax: departure with the humility of a weak child but with the benedictions of innumerable new friends—in a very experienced automobile ($20 Overland touring 1920 model)—for the very best school year in my career.

HAROLD M. HILDRETH—I spent three months in the Colorado mountains helping with a small camp of boys on the famous Tucker ranch, and confining myself to five preaching services on Sunday in neighboring mining towns. Five of us were in the silver and gold state. A great place for solitude and thinking—and for mountain peaks.

EDWIN R. HOWARD—I spent part of the summer becoming used to the absence of Ed Winn on the third floor. The other portion of the three months I attempted to divide equally between study, outside work, and pleasure. September was spent in a most delightful way among friends in North Dakota.

FRED HYSLOP—My church parish this summer was one of the most elevated in the United States. Crested Butte, Colorado, 9,000 feet high, is a coal-mining camp of 1,200 people, 70 per cent foreigners and Catholics. Isolated from all the outside world, the people have no social or spiritual life. I attempted to supply some measure of both, including the holding of the first regular Protestant church services in over two years.

PETER J. JANSEN—Few of us know the life of the home missionary. But I have had the glorious experience of two summers in extreme northern Minnesota living close to God's great out-of-doors. Eating and sleeping with the generously hospitable woods people has given me a sample of what a brotherly community is. One community has only one frame house (the rest are of logs) and the church is the most, shall I say, romantic one in the United States. It is of logs, eight-walled, and has a cone-shaped tar-papered roof. When I first came they had no piano or organ, only two cheap worn-out song books, a small table, seven or eight rough planks nailed to blocks of firewood for pews, and an old gasoline barrel converted into a stove. By the light of a gasoline lamp we held our service. Sixty-five people sang and worshiped in such a sincere way that I have resolved never to be satisfied with any church service until it conveys the humble reverence and the pure sincerity that radiated from this group of spiritually hungry Christian folk.

JOSEPH KING—My summer vacation was interesting and worth while because it was so varied, if nothing else. From vacationing in the mountains of New York to teaching and preaching in Philadelphia, to studying and preaching in Chicago, to vacationing again in Missouri; I had little time for the proverbial reading one plans for the summer.

HENRY F. MAXWELL—If there be any truth to the old adage, "Variety is the spice of life," the substance of my recent summer vacation was well seasoned. How delightful to lie in the cool shade under someone else's car performing a grease job! In truth I had many such Turkish baths. To wait thereafter on tables in a restaurant demanded loyal and vigorous application of kerosene and soap with a finger-nail brush—but only half my story's told. Midnight oil on two sermons was spent; and the rays of the sun on my back oft were bent while I with my suit to the bathing beach went. And now is my story complete.

MASAO MORIKAWA—Spent my first summer in America on the campus. I had the pleasure of publishing the thesis kindly written by Professor Pauck in the *Kirisutokyo Kenkyu*, the leading academic journal on Christian religion published by the Doshisha Theological Faculty in Japan. Spent a week at Racine, Wisconsin, where seventy oriental students

gathered to discuss the vital issues in the Orient.

ROBERT RASCHE—Three months as a ward attendant in Worcester State Hospital—working with mental patients, giving baths, taking temperatures, making behavior observations, seeing life expressed without inhibitions, hearing tales of woe, feeling depressed but challenged, gave me a new insight into the roots of human behavior, an understanding of the conflicts within the minds and souls of men, a deeper and broader sympathy with humankind, and a positive belief in the worth and the opportunity of the Christian ministry to help integrate and adjust personalities to the end that life-situations can be met victoriously.

VERNON W. RICE—My summer's work combined mercenary interests with some extremely interesting contacts with folks. "Wear-Ever" aluminum ware was my "line." I learned that there are a wonderful lot of kindly folks in this world. A student pastor expects kind treatment—but a salesman! And yet folks were fine to me. I wouldn't take a good deal for my summer's experience at selling, but I wouldn't give ten cents for another like it.

WALDO S. RICHARDS—To start the summer right, Lucile Stacy and I were married, July 8, by Professor Pauck in Hilton Chapel. We spent the rest of July in the East on our honeymoon. The months of August and September were spent in Chicago. I did various kinds of work. My worst job was that of houseman at the Hamilton Club, and my best and longest that of timekeeper on the University's paint crew.

FRED SITES—I had charge of the Cope Larger Parish which is situated in the valley of the Arikaree, a river in eastern Colorado which is as dry as the desert. The community is noted for its climate and for its farmers who are still tilling the soil after five successive failures.

LELAND WILLIAMS—In a North Dakota Congregational church I preached the Bible, worked with a weekly Bible class, a Men's club, and Boy Scouts. I coached a play, planned programs for contests and socials, a home-coming, harvest festival, and church supper. I planned a winter program of play production and a church service once a month by sending a sermon for one to read to them.

LOUIS L. WILSON—Adventure royal? Why, that is driving west in a Ford car bargained for and purchased (idiosyncrasies included) at the price of thirty United States silver dollars. What money will buy! Oh yes, it was a honeymoon. Mrs. Wilson and I spent a splendid vacation month in Colorado.

Book Reviews

CAST IN BRONZE

By Gertrude Huntington McGiffert. Portland, Maine: The Mosher Press, 1929. 97 pp.

One is reminded of Alice Meynell, but with faint resemblance, for the classical spirit is not Catholic. The touch is firm and sure; the sentiment is deep and restrained; the singing is clear and sweet. No conflict between Hellenism and the spirit of Jesus here.

OZORA S. DAVIS

INTIMACY WITH JESUS

By Charles M. Woodman. New York: Macmillan, 1928. 182 pp. $1.75.

A Christian must approach a volume bearing this title with sincere respect and keen anticipation. It may bear counsel and help of the first importance in the profound problems of the religious life. This book contains a study of the personality of Jesus and of his influence upon those who shared his earthly life. This is placed before the reader as the valid way in which the unseen Christ may be known and appropriated today. To this extent it is a needed guide. It is not a book of spiritual direction in the culture of fellowship with the Master now; but it lays the basis for this technique. Our copy is unfortunately marred by the fact that only four lines of page 31 are printed. This doubtless has been long since remedied.

OZORA S. DAVIS

SOULS IN THE MAKING

By John G. Mackenzie. New York: Macmillan, 1929. 259 pp. $2.25.

The day has come when the efficient pastor must shape his technique in the light of modern psychology. This is the best guide we know in this somewhat difficult field. The author is professor in Paton College, Nottingham. He knows the literature thoroughly and handles it with discrimination. His critical paragraphs are illuminating and remove confusions. He has had personal experience in handling cases, and the illustrative material is well selected and pertinent. The two chapters on conflict and its resolution are especially commendable. The minister who studies this little volume carefully will receive stimulation in his thinking and wise and expert guidance in his pastoral work. The book deserves wide reading.

OZORA S. DAVIS

WITH OR WITHOUT CHRIST

By Sadhu Sundar Singh. New York: Harper, 1929. 152 pp. $1.50.

Sundar Singh has been called the most influential Christian in India today. In his conception of the Christian religion the entire difference between Christians and non-Christians depends upon whether or not they are living in intimate personal union with the living Christ. He finds that there are many who do not assert that they are Christians at all who are nevertheless truly Christian because they are united with Christ in personal union. He finds that there are many who assert themselves to be Christians who do not at all realize the meaning of their religion because they have not fused their lives with Christ in love and purpose. He then goes on to show his own experience which has been reported many times before but which he repeats here concisely. It took the form of a personal vision of Christ who spoke to him directly. Then, he says, "The old Sundar Singh died and a new Sundar Singh, to serve the living Christ, was born." To one who is interested in tracing the continuous experience of union with Christ since the days of Paul to the present time this book will furnish a valuable aid. The testimony of this eminent Indian Christian is reinforced by similar evidence from E. Stanley Jones and Robert Norwood. This would seem to indicate that we are entering into a new appreciation of what is known under various names as the mystic union with Christ, which is the distinctive and supreme experience of the Christian life.

OZORA S. DAVIS

THE STEEP ASCENT

By Robert Norwood. New York: Scribner's, 1928. 197 pp. $1.50.

Robert Norwood, rector of St. Bartholomew's Church in New York City, has become one of the influential voices in the Christian church today. In this volume he has gathered twenty-four noontide Lenten meditations. They are marked by spiritual insight, directness and beauty of expression, and truth which can be built into life and action. The most significant part of the book is his description of his personal experience of the reality of the living Christ. This experience came to him with great definiteness in the woods on the day when he took his first communion. He compares the result of his theological seminary training with the freshness and permanence of this experience entirely to the disadvantage of his seminary work. He says that his professors "ironed out all my spontaneity and simplicity, and made me for years a hectic, heavy, laborious, debating, quarreling dogmatist." He was able to recover, however, because of the influence of his experience with his living Master, and this book bears no evidence of the severe words with which he describes himself at the close of his seminary career. These addresses are admirable statements of the Christian message for the modern world.

OZORA S. DAVIS

PREACHING IN THE NEW ERA

By Elmore McNeill McKee, Editor. New York: Doubleday, Doran. 270 pp. $2.50.

A volume of fourteen sermons from as many different preachers. The only adverse criticism upon this collection is that it brings before the reader, with one or two possible

exceptions, sermons of men whose work is already familiar. A greater service might be rendered to the homiletic student by collecting a number of equally good sermons from men not already well known. Such a volume would add something new to our knowledge of contemporary preaching. The present volume does not. The sermons in it are all excellent.

CARL S. PATTON

THE HERO IN THY SOUL

By Arthur John Gossip. New York: Scribner's, 1928. 267 pp. $2.50.

A volume of nineteen sermons, in which the material is uniformly good and the style uniformly delightful and energetic. The author lays under consideration ancient and modern writers—Augustine and Wells, Papias and Gilbert Murray, Hermas and Masefield, Plutarch and Aldous Huxley, Tertullian and Harnack—with equal familiarity and equal aptness. But there is no bookishness about his preaching. He deals with real questions that trouble ordinary people. There is much scholarship in him but also an absolute contact with life. A pathetic interest attaches to the sermon "When Life Tumbles In," by reason of the fact that it was the first sermon he preached after the sudden death of his beloved wife. Yet the rest of the volume is quite as appealing. It is fine preaching throughout.

CARL S. PATTON

THE ADVENTURE OF BEING MAN

By Hugh Black. New York: Doubleday, Doran, 1929. 170 pp. $1.50.

Designed to approach the subject of immortality in a manner "in line with a modern presentation of both science and religion." Three chapters (originally three lectures of the Raymond F. West Foundation at Stanford University) on "The Adventure," "The Adventurer," and "The Last Adventure." The basis for the belief in immortality is laid in the conception of the world in terms of dynamics instead of in terms of statics. "We go to find our world. We go to find our soul." "The word that comes nearest to describing the very essence of faith is the word adventure. . . . . Faith is the will to act." This venture of faith must be made in one's estimate of man as well as in his conception of the world. Man is not "explained" by his biological history. "To be man is an adventure." Existence after death being a possibility, and no one being able to prove it an impossibility, the argument must be rested on the facts of our spiritual nature. If man is something more than the paragon of animals, he will naturally and justifiably make the venture of faith in the face of death and live even now in the power of an endless life.

CARL S. PATTON

WOMEN AND THE MINISTRY

By Charles E. Raven. New York: Doubleday, Doran, 1929. 144 pp. $1.50.

Written from the British point of view, to demonstrate the need of opening the priesthood of the Established church to women. Objections are duly considered, and a strong case is made out. Of special interest to American readers is the introduction by Elizabeth Wilson, showing how far this movement, yet unrecognized in the Church of England, has progressed in various denominations in America.

CARL S. PATTON

REINSPECTING VICTORIAN RELIGION

By Gaius Glenn Atkins. New York: Macmillian, 1928. 151 pp. $1.75.

The Samuel Harris Lectures given at Bangor Theological Seminary, 1928. Four studies in Browning, of "Cleon," "Abt Vogler," "Saul," and "The Ring and the Book," and two in Tennyson, of "Idylls of the King" and "In Memoriam." This volume takes its high place beside the other books of Dr. Atkins. It is characterized throughout by great literary appreciation, wide philosophical knowledge, and ripe spiritual wisdom.

CARL S. PATTON

THE WARRIOR, THE WOMAN AND THE CHRIST: A STUDY OF THE LEADERSHIP OF CHRIST

By G. A. Studdert Kennedy. New York: Doubleday, Doran, 1929. 274 pp. $2.50.

This, the last book we are to have from the pen of Studdert Kennedy, published in

America the day of his death, will be opened with a pang of sadness by many a reader who has learned to love and admire that strange religious genius. Yet before he has read far, the reader will find his funereal mood quite dashed; for if ever a book was filled with courage, gaiety, mocking humor, stinging scorn, and inexhaustible vitality, it is this one. "Studdert Kennedy dead!" he will say to himself. "Ha! ha! That's a good one! Believe it if you can!"—and from the other side of the veil he may hear the ghost of a chuckle, followed by the rasp of a well-known cough.

> One perfectly awful night in 1916 [the book begins] I was following a kindly but spasmodically blasphemous sergeant up a communication trench. It was raining cats, dogs, and whizz bangs. . . . . A Verey light went up and I saw the sergeant's face. It was a typical warrior face heavily lined, grim, humorous and kindly with a flash as of steel in the fierce gray eyes. There was a smile hovering round the corners of his mouth as he looked down at me. . . . . "This ain't exactly what you'd call a b—y mothers' meeting, is it, sir?" . . . . Why did the sergeant connect me with mothers' meetings? . . . . Why does the warrior always associate the woman and the priest? It suddenly struck me that it was a very old connection. Mediaeval history came back to me and I saw three typical figures, the knight in shining armour, the priest in his cassock, and the woman with a child in her arms, and the attitude of the warrior to the priest was exactly the same as the sergeant's attitude to me, a mixture of kindly contempt and uneasy respect. . . . . Why is it that the Christian religion appeals, and has always appealed, more powerfully to women than to men?

The question thus graphically raised is pursued through the whole maelstrom of problems in which our troubled post-war generation is involved: sex, and the family; war and peace; economic justice; God, Christ, and the universe. Yes, as the author cheerfully admits, "This book bites off more than it can chew"; but with what honesty, what realism, what piercing poetic insight, it faces the whole cosmic muddle! It offers no easy solutions; it promises no final peace of mind. Conflict, it believes, must go on forever; the warrior and the woman in us must forever be at loggerheads; but—first in the home and then in wider spheres—their conflict may be transformed from a destructive into a creative conflict, that brings out the capacities of both and fuses them in the Christ-ideal.

It may be asked how much of Studdert Kennedy's solution of the world-riddle he really found in the pages of the Gospel, and how much he discovered for himself in the hurly-burly of life, only afterward attributing it to Christ. The question is a captious one, and would be dismissed by the author with an impatient gesture. By vehemently dragging historic Christianity into the very midst of our contemporary life, he has illumined both. To the literal-minded reader, Studdert Kennedy's hastily improvised social philosophy, his religious paraphrase of cosmic evolution, and his daringly anthropomorphic theism may seem unconvincing; but to him who knows how to discriminate between symbols and formulas, it may well appear that this book comes nearer to the root of the matter than any labored philosophic analysis possibly could. Here at any rate is a *man* who has met the worst the world can offer, faced it without dodging or flinching, and found a way to "beat it to a frazzle." I dare any one to read this, his last will and testament, without being humbled and heartened.

WALTER M. HORTON

METHODS OF PRIVATE RELIGIOUS LIVING

By Henry Nelson Wieman. New York: Macmillan, 1928. 219 pp. $1.75.

This book is an expansion of suggestions contained in one of Professor Wieman's earlier books. The reader should not allow himself to be repelled by some of the newly minted phrases which the author, in his eagerness to provoke fresh thinking, is valiantly attempting to put into circulation. Religion issues in conduct, but it rises in worship. Professor Wieman knows this and offers practical suggestions for the recovery of the practice of private praying. He likewise gives good counsel regarding methods of dealing with common things, of meeting crises, of developing friendships, and of finding joy in life. To these practical suggestions he adds a timely and discriminating analysis of varieties of mysticism. That his mood at the time of writing this chapter was predominately that of intellectual curiosity may be surmised from

the high valuation he places on a kind of mysticism that provides a method of solving problems. There are innumerable serviceable insights to be found on the pages of this outline of a psychology of religion.

ARTHUR CUSHMAN MCGIFFERT, JR.

THE SCANDAL OF CHRISTIANITY

By Peter Ainslie. Chicago: Willett, Clark & Colby, 1929. 212 pp. $2.00.

The scandal of Christianity which this modern prophet of church union is vigorously denouncing is the disunion and rivalry of the present divided Christendom. The kind of unity which the author envisages is one based on mutual understanding and appreciation of each other, not on official uniformity of creed or church organization. This unity, although it ought to begin with united Protestantism, must ultimately comprise the Roman Catholic, the Eastern Orthodox, and the Anglican communions as well.

Concrete methods proposed by Dr. Ainslie for the accomplishment of this desideratum comprise, to begin with, re-writing of church history. Instead of stressing controversies and creeds from Protestant, Catholic, or Eastern Orthodox points of view, the story of the church should be written possibly by joint authors representing all these groups. All partial statements are prejudiced, just like all nationalistic general histories are. Very much the same criticism is leveled against the denominational colleges and the denominational papers. "The fact that the school or paper is denominational makes it only partly Christian." Even theological seminaries would profit by an interchange of the teaching personnel. As for the missionary task, he advocates a common missionary board, with denominational missionary organizations as auxiliaries.

This impassioned plea cannot fail to produce a distinct sense of dissatisfaction with the present divided state of Christendom, with its rivalries and its consequent impotence to win the world to its message, and to engender a disposition to seek ways and means to overcome this evil.

MATTHEW SPINKA

ILLINOIS COLLEGE: A CENTENNIAL HISTORY

By Charles H. Rammelkamp. New Haven: Yale University Press, 1928. 605 pp. $7.50.

Owing to the prominent part which Congregationalists played in the founding of Illinois College, the oldest collegiate institution in the state, its history is of unusual interest to them, for it affords another illustration of the denominationally disinterested way in which Congregationalism helped to found and to build many educational institutions in the Middle West. Founded largely by the efforts of the Reverend John M. Ellis, a missionary of the American Home Missionary Society, in cooperation with a group of theological students from Yale College, who came to be known as the "Yale Band," Illinois College had on its faculty Congregationalists like President Edward Beecher and Professors William Kirby and Julian M. Sturtevant. The theology of these men always remained somewhat under suspicion as far as some members of the Presbyterian Synod were concerned, and this attitude finally resulted in charges of heresy preferred against them in 1844. Fortunately, the charges were dismissed, and Professor Sturtevant was even elected president of the college, to succeed Dr. Beecher. The active part which the college exerted in the antislavery struggle also deserves a commendatory mention, for it exercised considerable influence in formulating the public opinion in favor of opposition to slavery. The exhaustive and vivid treatment of the academic as well as the student life of the institution affords the reader a remarkably clear picture of the development of educational conditions in Illinois from its pioneer period to our own day.

It may be remarked that our library possesses a considerable amount of source materials relative to the conditions in the state at the time of the founding of the college, and specifically the correspondence of Mr. Ellis and other founders of the college. The use of this material would have made the record of the early years of the institution fuller and richer. It is to be regretted that President Rammelkamp did not learn of our collection in time to make use of it in preparing his book.

MATTHEW SPINKA

NEW HYMNS FOR OLD

"Immanuel Hymnal." New York: Macmillan, 1929. 580 hymns and 60 responsive readings. $1.75.

Immanuel Hymnal, according to the publishers' account of it on the jacket, "is the work of a small group of theologians and musicians who have felt that hymn-book making has fallen into stereotyped ruts." In this volume, therefore, one hymn in five is published for the first time in America or England. It would be a joy to report that the compilers, who prefer not to reveal their names, had brought to attention a large number of ignored or forgotten treasures. The blunt truth must, however, be told. Among the 114 new hymns, there is no single hymn which deserves to replace any hymn in *The English Hymnal*, *The Harvard University Hymn Book*, or the *New Hymnal* of the Presbyterian church. The editors of this new volume have been guided by singularly relaxed standards of taste. Many of the tunes are flippant; most of them are indefensibly sentimental. An important place has been given to Scandinavian folk tunes and adaptations of secular compositions by Grieg, Sinding, and other less widely known Norse composers. The secular adaptations are neither dignified nor churchly. The folk songs are badly harmonized, with cloying use of chromatics. The harmony of other older tunes has been tampered with; and any change away from the grand simplicity of the early hymns is not an improvement. To cap the climax, there is at the end a section of forty-one gospel hymns, including even "O happy day," which simply cannot be sung in these prohibition days. To be sure, a good many of the satisfactory, familiar hymns are included. But at least a dozen other hymnals contain all these and many more.

Let us not even mention the texts. Do you like this one?

> Coming, coming, yes, they are,
> Coming, coming, from afar,
> From the wild and scorching desert,
> Afric's sons of color deep;
> Jesus' love has drawn and won them,
> At His cross they bow and weep.

CECIL MICHENER SMITH

LABELS AND LIBELS

By William Ralph Inge. New York: Harper, 1929. 262 pp. $2.00.

There are three forms, Dean Inge remarks, under which thought (like all chemical substance) may be presented—solid, liquid, and gaseous. The third is for an audience, the second for a book, the first only for professors writing for (or at) each other. The present collection of religious, social, political, and prognostic essays is loquaciously liquid not to say, gaseous. The titular essay is the least trivial. A label is always a libel, for it describes no more than a corner of a man who is many other things besides. The redeeming feature of the volume are the *bon mots*, many of which deserve to rank with the delightful collection of Chinese proverbs the Dean has collected:

Personalize your sympathies, and depersonalize your antipathies.

Intellectual disagreements seldom generate heat unless there are very unintellectual prejudices behind them.

When a church ceases to be a voluntary association of enthusiastic believers and becomes the purveyor of spiritual comforts to the unregenerate majority, its doctrines either congeal or evaporate.

It requires no brains to be a purveyor of sacerdotal magic, and this conception of the ministerial office is unfortunately growing.

Why is it, by the way, that no woman, so far as I know, has ever written a Utopia? It seems to be a masculine foible.

Would it be going too far to say that in every generation Christian teachers use the figure of the Founder as a peg on which to hang their own best thoughts?

A. C. MCGIFFERT, JR.

RELIGION IN AN AGE OF SCIENCE

By Edwin A. Burtt. New York: Stokes, 1929. 153 pp. $1.50.

The method of science involves tentativeness, mutual co-operation, and detachment from the temporary and individual in favor of what is universal and socially verifiable. The method of religion has been inflexible loyalty to some revered leader, institution, doctrine, or unchangeable tradition. This method reli-

gion must abandon in favor of its rightful method. The most enlightened and most soberly appealing assertion in our sacred tradition is that God is the spirit of love. Religion must abide by the methodology of love. Thus it will converge into science. "Love in religion is but the extension to the whole of life of the zeal for social universality and the attitude of live freedom and unflinching honesty that characterize science."

Professor Burtt is competent to elaborate his discussion of religion; for he spent his first years of postgraduate study in a theological seminary, and so knows his church history and theology; and he is now teaching philosophy in the University of Chicago, where he seeks to understand and interpret the "Metaphysical Foundations of Modern Physical Science" (to use the title of one of his earlier books).

Whether or not in a later volume he restores to religion some of the phases he has pared away in the dubious interests of conciliation, his present well-written little book will remain suggestive and illuminating for many a day.

A. C. McGIFFERT, JR.

DEVELOPING PERSONALITY IN BOYS

By W. Ryland Boorman. New York: Macmillan, 1929. 257 pp. $2.50.

Understanding personality as primarily a process of social interaction in which psychology and social factors play an intermingled part, the author uses the concepts, "over-organized" "unorganize," and "reorganization" to set off the main discussion of the book.

Personality is treated as functional and psychology as dynamic. The reader is reminded frequently of the significance of the boy's group in shaping his personality. Excerpts from cases are used by way of illustration. Full use is made of the abundant current literature on human nature which is interpreted from the viewpoint of the adolescent. In this connection a classified bibliography is offered.

The too common practice of trying to control the boy without understanding him is discouraged. Frequent questions scattered throughout the book invite analysis and challenge the insight of the reader. Superficiality is discouraged. The worker is helped to see the boy through the eyes of the sociologist, the psychologist, and the educator. While these approaches are dealt with rather summarily there is a minimum of dogmatism. Where authorities differ both sides are offered for what they are worth. This comprehensive point of view makes the volume of value to parents and leaders of girls as well as of boys. Those looking for detailed directions for handling specific problems may be disappointed, but the reader who is ready to make a study of his boy problems will be rewarded. To this end, the last chapter offers suggestive techniques for studying the individual whereby the worker may come to a better understanding of the problems that confront him.

C. R. HUTCHINSON

Books Received

Souls in the Making. By John G. Mackenzie. Macmillan. 259 pp. $2.25.

The Souls Come Back. By Joseph H. Coffin. Macmillan. 207 pp. $2.00.

The Intimate Problems of Youth. By Earl S. Rudisill. Macmillan. 217 pp. $2.00.

The Book of the Twelve Prophets. Vol. I. By Sir George Adam Smith. Doubleday, Doran. 470 pp. $2.50.

The Book of the Twelve Prophets. Vol. II. By Sir George Adam Smith. Doubleday, Doran. 529 pp. $2.50.

Psychology of Religion. By Horatio W. Dresser. Crowell. 449 pp. $3.00.

The Trail of Life in College. By Rufus M. Jones. Macmillan. 201 pp. $1.75.

The Hero in Thy Soul. By Arthur John Gossip. Scribner's. 267 pp. $2.50.

Preaching in the New Era. Edited by Elmore McNeill McKee. Doubleday, Doran. 270 pp. $2.50.

Unravelling the Book of Books. By Ernest R. Trattner. Scribner's. 325 pp. $2.50.

Labels and Libels. By William Ralph Inge. Harper. 262 pp. $2.00.

Vision and Authority. By John Oman. Harper. 352 pp. $3.00.

Beyond Agnosticism. By Bernard Iddings Bell. Harper. 170 pp. $2.00.

Pulpit Dramas. By Phillips Endevott Osgood. Harper. 191 pp. $1.75.

Illinois College: A Centennial History. By Charles H. Rammelkamp. Yale University Press. 605 pp. $7.50.

The City's Church. By H. Paul Douglass. Friendship Press. 244 pp. $1.50.

A Preface to Morals. By Walter Lippmann. Macmillan. 358 pp. $2.50.

The Gospel According to St. John. By J. H. Bernard, in International Critical Commentary. Edited by J. H. McNeile. Scribner's. 2 vols. 740 pp. $9.00.

Human Needs and World Christianity. By Francis John McConnell. Friendship Press. 230 pp. $1.75.

Immanuel Hymnal. Macmillan. $1.75.

The Crowded Ways. By Charles H. Sears. Missionary Education Movement. 193 pp. Cloth $1.00, paper $.60.

Blind Spots. By H. S. Leiper. Missionary Education Movement. 143 pp. Cloth $1.00; paper $.60.

The Adventure of Being Man. By Hugh Black. Doubleday, Doran. 170 pp. $1.50.

Pioneers of Good Will. By Harold B. Hunting. Friendship Press. 142 pp. Cloth $1.00; paper $.75.

Seven Thousand Emeralds. By Frank C. Laubach. Friendship Press. 158 pp. Cloth $1.00; paper $.75.

Labor Speaks for Itself. By Jerome Davis. Macmillan. 265 pp. $2.00.

The Place of Jesus Christ in Modern Christianity. By John Baillie. Scribner's. $2.00.

Jewels the Giant Dropped. By Edith Eberle and Grace McGavran. Friendship Press. 138 pp. Cloth $1.00; paper $.75.

Jumping Beans. By Robert McLean and Mabel L. Crawford. Friendship Press. 151 pp. Cloth $1.00; paper $.75.

The Present Crisis in Religion. By W. E. Orchard. Harper. $2.50.

Little Kin Chan. By Berthae Harris Converse. Friendship Press. 102 pp. $1.25.

World Missions as Seen from Jerusalem. By Milton T. Stauffer. Missionary Education Movement. 93 pp. $.50.

Christianity's Supreme Issues. By T. H. P. Sailer. Missionary Education Movement. 57 pp. $.25.

Rafael and Consuelo. By Florence C. Means and Harriet L. Fullen. Friendship Press. 137 pp. Cloth $1.00; paper $.75.

Filipino Playmates. By Jean Moore Cavell. Friendship Press. 122 pp. Cloth $1.00; paper $.75.

Jesus of Nazareth. By Joseph Klausner. Macmillan. 434 pp. $2.50.

What Do We Mean By God? By C. H. Valentine. Macmillan. 248 pp. $2.00.

The Bridge Between the Testaments. By Henry Kendall Booth. Scribner's. 210 pp. $2.00.

Preaching With Authority. The Yale Lectures on Preaching for 1929. By Edwin DuBose Mouzon. Doubleday, Doran. 245 pp. $2.00.

Outfitting the Teacher of Religion. By James H. Snowden. Macmillan. 274 pp. $2.00.

Behold the Man. By Friedrich Rittelmeyer. Translated from the German by Erich Hofacker and George Bennett Hatfield. Macmillan. 167 pp. $1.75.

Turning Points of General Church History. By Edward L. Cutts. Revised by William C. Piercy. Macmillan. 323 pp. $2.25.

Evangelism—A Graphic Survey. By Herman C. Weber. Macmillan. 208 pp. $2.00.

The Book of Job. By W. G. Jordan. Macmillan. 193 pp. $2.00.

Do the Churches Dare? By Chauncey J. Hawkins. Macmillan. 174 pp. $1.50.

Education and Religion. By Charles Franklin Thwing. Macmillan. 264 pp. $2.00.

The Christian God. By Richard Roberts. Macmillan. 154 pp. $1.50.

Church Comity. By H. Paul Douglass. Doubleday, Doran. 181 pp. $2.50.

Christianizing a Nation. By Charles E. Jefferson. Doubleday, Doran. 200 pp. $2.00.

Science and the Unseen World. By Arthur Stanley Eddington. Macmillan. 91 pp. $1.25.

Man's Consciousness of Immortality. By W. Douglas Mackenzie. Harvard University Press. 87 pp. $1.00.

The Real Jesus. By Bishop Charles Fiske and Burton S. Easton. Harpers. 261 pp. $2.50.

The Catholic-Protestant Mind. By Conrad Henry Moehlman. Harpers. 211 pp. $2.50.

History of the Hebrews. By Frank Knight Saunders. Scribner's. 395 pp. $1.75.

A New Commentary on Holy Scripture. Edited by Bishop Gore, H. L. Goudge, and A. Guillaume. Macmillan. 743 pp. $3.50.

The Primitive Church. By Canon B. H. Streeter. Macmillan. 323 pp. $2.50.

The Mind of St. Paul. By A. Holmes. Macmillan. 263 pp. $2.00.

What Is Christian Education? By George A. Coe. Scribner's. 300 pp. $2.50.

In Search of God. By John Walker Powell. Macmillan. 159 pp. $1.50.

The Bible Through the Centuries. By Herbert L. Willett. Willett, Clark & Colby. 337 pp. $3.00.

The Effective Christian College. By Laird T. Hites. Macmillan. 259 pp. $2.00.

Things that Remain. By Carl E. Grammer. Macmillan. 219 pp. $1.75.

The Lord of Life. By Various Contributors. Macmillan. 343 pp. $2.50.

The Heart of Words. By George Roberts. Macmillan. 158 pp. $1.50.

The Saviors of Mankind. By W. R. Van Buskirk. Macmillan. 537 pp. $3.00.